

# Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 16, 1972

49 CENTS

## FOUR FOR THE FLAG

BOSTON'S CARLTON FISK



# Quiet is the sound of a well

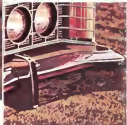


New instrument panel shown with optional AM/FM stereo, fingertip speed control and air conditioning.



The stretch out comfort of the luxurious Brougham interior.

New energy-absorbing bumper system designed for greater protection front and rear.



# -made car. 1973 Ford LTD.



All 1973 cars must meet Federal Emissions Standards before sale. See your Ford Dealer for details.

**The quiet new look for 1973. Ford LTD. Made to compare in luxury and comfort with cars costing thousands more.**

The new Ford LTD is well made in every sense of the word. That's why it is so quiet. Some of the latest engineering advances: a strong new frame, a new suspension geometry and computer-tuned body mounts.

And quality does not stop there. Outside it means all new styling and inside it means enough room for a six-footer to cross his legs. Power front disc brakes, power steering and automatic transmission. All standard.

And LTD offers you the option to personalize your car with such items as a power sunroof and the new Power-Vent window.

See the new LTD at your Ford

Dealers soon. Learn how easy it is to own a well-made car.

1973 Ford LTD Brougham shown with optional bumper guards, deluxe wheel covers, white side-wall tires, convenience group and vinyl roof.

## FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



# Why are so many successful men failures at personal financial planning?



Being successful isn't enough anymore. Making money is still mighty important. But what you do with it after you make it is more important than ever. And considerably more difficult.

Handling your own money in this complicated world is almost a full-time job: to do it properly, you need to be part lawyer, part accountant, part investment-counselor, and part insurance specialist.

And you're not this fortunate. You don't have the time, or all the specialized skills. You're successful in your business or profession, but maybe you're not so successful

when it comes to personal financial planning.

This is what we at Phoenix Mutual would like the chance to change. To help, we've developed a Personal Analysis Service, P.A.S. for short, designed to provide you with a complete, comprehensive analysis of your financial condition and future goals. Without charge.

You begin with a confidential interview, conducted by a Phoenix Mutual agent who's also a Registered Representative of Phoenix Equity Planning Corporation. The information he collects is then forwarded to Hartford, where specialists, assisted by computers, prepare a 15-page personal financial analysis.

In it, we analyze your assets and liabilities; we consider your capital needs and aspirations; we outline tax advantages; and we recommend how much of your money should go into savings, how much into insurance, and how much, if any, into investments.

Our P.A.S. analysis is yours to keep. It's flexible and factual, with the possible risks and rewards clearly stated. When all the facts are in, when all the thinking's been done, the decision is clearly up to you.

It's an important decision, too. Especially when you stop to think that in the course of your career, you'll probably earn over half a million dollars. It's your money. And the way you handle it will affect you and your family for the rest of your lives.

Write: Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.,  
Dept. H, One American Row, Hartford, Conn. 06115

**Phoenix Mutual.**  
**Pick our brains.**

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year end, by Time Inc., 341 North Fairview Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James E. Shapiro, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$13.50 a year; all others \$18.00 a year.

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SPEED FREAKS, both kinds, turn up atively—and sooty—Watkins Glen. A look at the scene of the U.S. Grand Prix and at the new world driving champion, Emerson Fittipaldi.

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Now from Kool, for low-tar smokers looking for taste...

# KOOL MILDS.

The taste of extra coolness  
with lowered tar, too.

Now for the first time,  
low-tar smokers can enjoy  
the extra coolness that  
makes Kool Kings  
and Kool Longs so popular.  
New Kool Milds'  
tobaccos are light, mild,  
and lowered in tar.

Just the right amount  
of pure menthol. Pure  
white filter, too.

Here is the taste of extra  
coolness low-tar smokers  
have waited so long  
to enjoy.



14 mg.  
tar  
1.0 mg.  
nicotine

Enjoy a cooler kind of mild.

Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,  
by FTC method. Kool Kings 16 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,

Kool Longs 16 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

# Sports Illustrated

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Just a few minutes before this picture was taken I had somewhat ceremoniously presented the keys of my office to Jack Meyers, formally welcomed him on his first day of work as SI's new Publisher and prepared to leave for my own new corporate assignment as a Vice-President of Time Inc.

Since Jack will be signing these letters in the future, I thought you might like to know something about your new correspondent—with whom I have quite a lot in common. We both served in the Marines in Korea and were awarded Purple Hearts [ED note: the scene was Munro v. Meyers I], we both came to SI from Time, and we presently live not too far apart in Connecticut with a wife and three children apiece.

Jack joined Time in 1955 and has served as the manager of its Cleveland, Chicago and New York offices. In 1968 he was made Time's Worldwide Sales Director, this time he was appointed Associate Publisher and Director of Advertising Sales and in July he was named a Vice-President of Time Inc. A sports enthusiast, he played defensive halfback for Michigan State, is an avid golfer who is on the board of the International Golf Association, a relentless spectator and the owner of two show horses. Now, in my opinion anyway, he also has the best job in the magazine business.

In 1954 Harry Phillips, SI's first Publisher, closed his initial letter with the hope and promise "that in some tomorrow you will no longer think of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as Time Inc.'s newest baby, but as the accepted and essential weekly reporter of the Wonderful World of Sport." Now, 18 years later, I think it is fair to consider that prediction fulfilled—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED represents a \$75 million-a-year publishing property with a weekly readership of 13 million people.

When Jack and I sat down to talk about his new responsibilities, I found myself filled with the same kind of mixed emotions I had felt the day I left home for the first time. Naturally,

I was eager to get going in my own new position, but I have spent most of my working life at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I joined in 1960 as Assistant Business Manager to job with a certain excitement of its own. What are Purple Hearts to a man who goes on to see action on the expense accounts of Tex Maule and Dan Jenkins? and became Publisher in 1969. Those of us involved in the publishing aspects of the magazine are businessmen but we believe wholeheartedly in the good things sport represents, and working for a sports magazine



MUNRO AND MEYERS: THE KEY CHANGES HANDS

has an effect on the lives and the spirits of people in such divisions as sales, promotion and business management. We identify with sports, and there is an extra enthusiasm for the product that our editorial colleagues at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED put out.

Now I am involved with cable TV, cassettes, education, books and records. Cable TV, cassettes, education, books and records are O.K., but they are not the Wonderful World of Sport. The job of publishing SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is now Jack Meyers', with its special satisfactions, such pleasures as the chance to get to the World Series and the Kentucky Derby and all the other joys that accompany the responsibility of bringing the magazine to you.

*Dick Munro*

# For the man who wants to experience all the creative pleasures of photography



The Great Themes reveal the techniques of the masters in each of the six major areas of photography represented above.

**TIME  
LIFE  
BOOKS**

TIME-LIFE BOOKS, DEPT. 7810  
TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *The Camera*. Please send it to me, together with the illustrated *Photographer's Handbook* and *Camera Buyer's Guide* for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to the LIFE Library of Photography. If I decide to keep *The Camera*, I will pay \$7.95 plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in the LIFE Library of Photography, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each at \$1.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *The Camera*, the *Photographer's Handbook* and the *Camera Buyer's Guide*, I will return the books within 30 days; my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

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**The Camera**  
for 10 days free  
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**FREE with your purchase of THE CAMERA:**

\* This valuable 64-page pocket-size manual contains hundreds of tips and ideas for taking and making better pictures. Includes 150 photos and drawings, dozens of charts and tables.

\* In addition, you will receive an informative *Camera Buyer's Guide*, containing up-to-date facts and prices on cameras and accessories.

**T**ODAY the possibilities of photography are almost limitless. You can take pictures anywhere—even where there's no more light than a candle. You can turn the most commonplace objects into striking visual designs—with everything from ultra zoom lenses to fisheyes. You can start with ordinary negatives and transform them into startling abstractions in your own darkroom. And now, this whole marvelous world of photography has been put into a remarkable series of books: the LIFE Library of Photography.

Here, in magnificently illustrated volumes, you'll receive step-by-step guidance on shooting all kinds of subjects—studio shots, portraits, sports, children, nature, still life. You'll learn how to plan each picture...how to compose it...how to make it "speak" to the viewer. Famous LIFE photographers such as John Dominis, Carl Mydans and Alfred Eisenstaedt will offer you their personal tips and trade secrets.

You'll learn about all the possibilities open to you in the darkroom, too—from

the basics of developing, printing, dodging and burning-in to special effects such as solarization, bias relief and combination printing.

And by examining a magnificent gallery of some of the greatest photographs of all time—and seeing why they succeeded so brilliantly—you'll be encouraged to develop your own sense of what makes an unforgettable picture. Whether you are an experienced photographer or a beginner, the LIFE Library of Photography can't help but bring you closer to the kinds of photographs you've always dreamed of creating.

**Accept *The Camera* for 10 days free**

Just as a picture is worth a thousand words, you must really see the LIFE Library of Photography yourself—and try some of its suggestions—to appreciate how much it can mean to your picture-taking. That's why we invite you to send for this Volume for 10-days free examination without obligation. If postpaid card is missing, use the handy coupon.





This portrait by Evelyn Hofer in the *Nature* Color is one of many examples of how to use color to add to a picture's aesthetic appeal.



Capture the natural wonders of life around you with the help of *Photographing Nature*.



From underwater to outer space—extend the range of your picture taking with *Photography as a Tool*.



In *The Camera*, LIFE's masters of photography give you the personal insights you need to develop your own style of picture taking.



Actual book size: 10 1/2" x 10 1/2"  
Hard covers, silver stamped  
black-cloth binding. Each contains  
more than 200 pages.



From basic developing and printing to techniques, *The Print* shows how to use the darkroom creatively.

**Among other volumes in the  
LIFE LIBRARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY:**



*Photography as a Tool,  
Color, The Print,  
Light and Film,  
Photojournalism,  
The Studio,  
The Great Themes,  
Photographing Nature.*



*Special Problems* shows you how to take the kinds of pictures that make people say, "I wonder how he ever got a shot like that!"

**We were extravagant with  
the things we built into  
JCPenney Cassette Stereo Systems.  
But we're still modest with our prices.**

Some people might call it extravagance. But we tried to put all the things you look for in a stereo into our Cassette Systems. And more. Because right now, we're still not a household name in stereos. So we wanted to make ourselves sound better than all those other names you have heard about.



A small price to pay for so much extravagance: **299<sup>95</sup>**

Look into our model 1981 (above). You can make your own stereo cassette recordings from the built-in radio and phonograph. And hear it all through air-suspension speakers. You'll also find an automatic cassette shut-off system. 10 different tuning controls. An AM/FM/FM-stereo radio engineered with field-effect transistors and AFC to give you a consistent sound. A BSR turntable with a record-cueing lever; ceramic cartridge with diamond needle and 45-RPM adapter. There's even a headphone jack and a dustcover:

The cost? A most un-extravagant 299.95.



What you've always looked for in a cassette system: **219<sup>95</sup>**

For those who are looking for something a little more modest, there's our model 1901 (left). It's a home entertainment system for 219.95. And we've loaded it with things like air-suspension speakers. A cassette tape recorder that records from the built-in radio and phonograph. A solid state AM/FM stereo tuner. A mini-changer that comes with a ceramic cartridge and adjustable-weight tracking arm. An illuminated dial. Even a dustcover:

Just listen to JCPenney Stereo Systems. You'll wish everyone was as extravagant as we are. But then, we know what you're looking for.

Available at most large JCPenney stores and through the catalog.  
Prices slightly higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

**JCPenney**  
We know what you're looking for.

# SHOPWALK

These kandy-colored, teardrop-like streamlined golfing carts (with extras)

Back in the late 1960s a body-and-fender man named George Barris began making himself into a folk hero for the Southern California teen car culture by chopping and channeling Detroit iron into sleek kandy-colored bombs. About the same time in Houston, a motorcycle dealer named Horace Watson adapted a three-wheeled Cushman utility cart into a vehicle for golfers. It was something of a monstrosity, in which three men sat abreast in front and a fourth sat in back and steered. Still, it was better than the peeps that were de rigueur on some Texas golf courses of the period.

In time the two became leaders in their fields—Barris as a car customizer extraordinaire (the Mustangs' TV jolopy and a hot-rod brass bed) and hero of a Tom Wolfe book, Cushman as the leading maker of golf carts, now the biggest money-maker on U.S. golf courses. It was almost inevitable the twain should meet, and the man who brought about the marriage was Frank Sinatra. In 1967 the singer asked Barris to embellish one of the Cushman carts to include a rug, TV set, AM-FM radio, bar, special upholstery and deep lollipop-orange paint job.

Since then, golf-cart customizing has been a spirited sideline at Barris' North Hollywood plant. His most ambitious and celebrated effort so far is the ski-nosed job he put together in 1970 for Bob Hope. The \$14,000 Hope cart, which featured several luxury appointments in addition to the schnoz, made Barris a hot property around Hollywood. Dean Martin asked for a Barris cart. So did Bing Crosby, who liked his so well he took two. Glen Campbell ordered something called a Good-Time Buggy. Dale Robertson got one shaped like a stagecoach.

Since the Sinatra effort Barris has converted 30 carts for customers willing to pay out the \$2,500 to \$12,500 his touches add to the original cost of a Cushman chassis (roughly \$1,400 to \$1,800). The good news is that Barris will now do similar transformations for ordinary folks. You don't have to be a Roger Penske (who got one that resembles an Indy racer) or a Chien Ho (the Hawaiian millionaire got a built-in bar with his personal crystal service) or a President Nixon ("one of my simpler jobs. Just a fringe on top and a few other things"). All you have to be is fairly affluent.

The carts take Barris from two weeks to two months to build. And, although he will try to accommodate any whim, he says, "I study each person, his tastes, style, personality, special interests—the things he's known for," and builds accordingly. His wife Shirley collaborates on the decor.

Do you have anything in subtle stripes and argyle socks, George?

—UNBORN TO

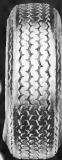
M1

## Run with the wolf

The motor oil for people who care about their cars.

100% Pure Pennsylvania,  
Wolf's Head Oil Refining Company  
Oil City, Pennsylvania 16301

# MICHELIN: THE OUTPERFORMER



## The inside story of the world's first Steel-Belted Radial.

No one makes steel-belted radial tires like Michelin. Partly because Michelin invented them and has more experience in radial tire making than any of the newcomers. Mostly because Michelin makes its radials differently. With craftsmanship that starts with Michelin's own materials and finishes with meticulous inspection of each tire. The kind of craftsmanship that pays off in performance, not promises. Twice the mileage of a conventional tire. Tread-on-the-road control for easy, safe handling. The safety of Michelin's own steel-belted radial construction. Michelines are outperformers....Michelin builds them that way.

## The Outperformer

**MICHELIN**



See the Yellow Guide for your nearest Michelin dealer.

**Which of these cities provides the most police protection?**



Boston



New York



Philadelphus



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

Mexico, proportionally quantitatively and the winner is Bogotá. Among these cities, it has the largest number of police per thousand people.

But don't relax too much, even in Boston.

Despite reports of a large, rapid increase in child sexual abuse in the United States, a recent study of child sexual abuse in the United States found that the prevalence of child sexual abuse in the United States is substantially higher than five years ago.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these cities. When sixty million people live, as we do, in such proximity to crime and gun money reason. And where the *quality* of police protection has to be, at least as important as the quantity.

So we provide a needed continuing examination of public work. The good news as well as the bad.

In early 1972 New York's WCHS Newsradio did a week of special reports on a new Anti-Graffiti Unit. Last year, people turned to WCHS for exclusive coverage of the Knapp Commission hearings.

Philadelphia uses a weekly forum on WCAU to discuss crime and punishment with local judges. KMOX St. Louis brings police and teenage boys closer together in an annual Law Enforcement Seminar.

Trying no further witness/  
police understanding today  
is vital

But it's just one part of our responsibility. Which is to keep people in touch with all the events around the corner and the globe that can affect their lives.

So they'll feel a little less in the dark about this challenging world.

## The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WTFL Newswatch 59: Boston  
W CBS Newswatch 58: New York  
WCAU Radio 120: Philadelphia  
WBBM Newswatch 78: Chicago  
KMOK 1170, St. Louis  
KCBS Newswatch 74: San Francisco  
KNX Newswatch 1070: Los Angeles  
Represented by: CBS Radio Spot Sales

<sup>12</sup> Later, we provide a more general argument for why  $\alpha \in (0, 1)$  is not a best response when  $\alpha$  is compared to a best response  $\beta \in (0, 1)$  in every scenario. However, this argument is not sufficient to fully establish that our proposed best response is  $\alpha = 0$ . While it is true that  $\alpha = 0$  is a best response, it is not clear that it is the only best response.

Source: Based on data from the Bridge of Bays (4, 5) and (6) and (7).  
 Continues 1-3. Dependent variable (column 1).

**“Unhappy  
owners.”**

**We don’t  
want  
any.”**

**-Ford Motor Company**

# "6,035 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers are with us. We have the product. And we've got an exclusive new way designed to keep our owners happy."

We listen.

*And we're concerned about a very real problem in the car business: unhappy owners.*

*We want to solve our share of it.*

*We intend to do just that by working to keep owners of Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars and Ford trucks happy—regardless of the age of their vehicles.*

*In short, we're committed to doing a better job than ever before—on the assembly line before you buy, and in the service department after you buy.*

## OUR GOAL IS NO UNHAPPY OWNERS

Let's face it. We know that keeping every owner happy is *always* for perfection.

And to be honest, we doubt if we'll be able to please 100 percent of our owners, 100 percent of the time.

But this is our way of doing our best.

Before we set our goal, we tested it for six months in Indianapolis with 80 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

We asked unhappy owners to come forward, and we offered to solve their problems.

Yes, the test turned up some impossible cases. But in most cases, our owners were reasonable and their problems could be solved.

And if the goal can be reached in Indianapolis, we're confident it can be reached every where.

## OKAY, WHO'S BEHIND IT?

The commitment to our goal is backed by the people who are directly responsible for making it happen. It starts with the engineers and designers, and extends all the way to the people who run our plants. And it includes virtually every Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealer and their service personnel.

## WHAT FORD MOTOR COMPANY IS DOING

Improvement begins at home.

That means build *better* cars and

trucks than we ever have before. Which is exactly what we're doing.

But there's been another change. A reorganization.

Ford Motor Company is the first major automobile manufacturer to form a whole new division designed to make servicing cars as important as selling them. The new Ford Customer Service Division has offices in 34 cities across the country. There's an office near you. (Note the map.) It has one main job: meet the goal.

Okay, how does the system work?

## WHAT 6,035 FORD AND LINCOLN-MERCURY DEALERS ARE DOING.

The next time you visit one of these dealers, you'll find some important improvements in the way he does business.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## JAB AT IBA

The controversial American defeat in Olympic basketball has sent shock waves back and forth across the country. Initial resentment was directed at the way the U.S. was jobbed by Olympic officials, who permitted the Russians to put the ball in play three different times after only three seconds were left to play. But this has been replaced in some areas by criticism of the American coaching, specifically the slow, ball-control style the Olympians were instructed to play by the 68-year-old Henry Iba, longtime coach at Oklahoma State who has directed U.S. basketball fortunes in three successive Olympics.

Lefty Driesell, coach at the University of Maryland and a controversial figure himself, said bluntly, "We should beat the Russians by 20 points. The game we played is not representative of American basketball. We don't play that slow-down game anymore. Our game is fast-break. John Wooden or Dean Smith could have taken any college team in the Top Ten and whipped the Russians by 20 or 25 points."

Less volatile critics echoed Driesell's remarks. One said, "I contend that Henry Iba's coaching was anachronistic, a point that Bill Russell made circumspically on TV at the time. I have known Iba for 30 years and have always liked him, but in recent years he has struck me as something of a reactionary in his concept of basketball. He has never been able to break out of his own rigid and old-fashioned concept. Three or four years ago he said, 'Defense was never intended to be played all over the court.' Yet playing it all over the court is one of the chief factors in the success of John Wooden at UCLA. As Russell implied, Olympic players were prisoners of Iba's methodical style and were hardly given a chance to express their individual abilities. The only reason we finally caught the Russians in that last game was because Doug Collins broke from Iba's concept of offense and drove half the

length of the court for the basket. But if he had done that earlier, Iba would probably have benched him."

## ORANGE JUICE

The star-crossed love affair between the Orange Bowl and Poly-Turf goes on. You will recall the chagrin last season when the original synthetic turf became faded and powdery and slippery. American Biltrite, the manufacturer, honoring its guarantee, promised a new, improved version. Well, the new rug has been installed and it looks fine, but the football teams that play on it—the University of Miami and the Miami Dolphins—are complaining again. The old surface, for all its slipperiness in dry weather, was excellent in rain. The new is sensational dry but whoopsy when wet. The footballers claim that if it rains as much as six hours before a game, the field is still slick and juicy at kickoff.

American Biltrite, which by now must wish it had never heard of the Orange Bowl, says, "If there is a problem, we certainly want to pinpoint the reason for it. We're not going to run away from the situation. We'll continue to stand behind the product."

## ZILCH AND VEECK

It sounded like a novel and possibly rewarding concept when General Manager Charlie Blaney of the Albuquerque Dukes, easternmost team in the Pacific Coast League, announced early this year that one of his promotional stunts for the 1972 season would be—hey, hey, step a little closer—No Promotion Night. Charlie is an ingenious hustler, hyping up interest in baseball with all sorts of extraneous gimmicks, most of which work. Reliable old But Night, at which fans were given Little League bats, drew 3,934. Hot Dog Night (eat all the free franks you want) brought 3,618. Ten-Cent Beer night attracted 3,469. A culture night, when Blaney somehow got the Albuquerque Symphony to come out and perform, had 3,084.

After all this, No Promotion Night, featuring nothing but baseball, seemed a refreshing departure, something the real fan would relish. Result? Zilch. Only 1,935 purists showed up. Nor did Blaney use any hype later in the season when his club met Eugene in a PCL pennant playoff. Bill Veeck, whose wisdom has never been questioned, says you use gimmicks only when your team is losing. When it's winning, baseball draws the fans. Zilch for Veeck, too. This time the crowd was only 1,965.

Very disheartening. Especially in view of Blaney's most successful promotions of the year, which were freebie nights. Blaney would sell all the seats in the ball park to a business concern for \$1,500 and the business would hand out the complimentary tickets to customers. The six on-the-cuff nights brought crowds ranging from 7,269 all the way up to 10,197. Well, it's an old human trait, isn't it? Give me something for nothing, and I'll love you.

## PUCKS ACROSS THE SEA

The Canadian-Russian hockey confrontation may be the harbinger of regular transatlantic hockey competition. Bruce Norris, owner of the Detroit Red Wings,



has been working for almost a year to set up a professional hockey league in Europe. The league expects to begin play next year with clubs in Britain, West Germany, Switzerland, Sweden and Finland and it hopes to add teams from the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia.

Norris will own the British entry and says he will build an arena in London to seat between 18,000 and 20,000. The future—at least the future as envisioned by publicists for the league—is also ex-

*continued*

pected to include an annual showdown between the European champion and the National Hockey League's Stanley Cup winner.

#### BABY ICE

On the grounds that without a quality TV ratings project national tastes based on a sampling of only 1,700 homes, or roughly 3/100,000 of the population, we give you the Boston report on the sports preferences of the three million people living in and near that fair city. It is based on a telephone survey of 29 hours. The survey took place on a night when local TV stations were showing: 1) the Olympic Games, 2) a first-place battle between the Boston Red Sox and the New York Yankees and 3) Team Canada playing the Soviet Union in hockey. The envelope, please. Ready? One set was tuned into the Olympics, seven the Sox and Yanks, 21 the hockey game. And in September, with the ponds in Maine hardly frozen at all.

#### ELBOW RENDERS

Tennis elbow, the classic ailment that is becoming almost epidemic, as the sport grows, is the result of a weakness in the forearm, says an orthopedic surgeon. Dr. Robert P. Nirschl of Arlington, Va., who—as you might suspect—is a tennis player himself, says that all too often the muscle in the forearm is not strong enough to withstand the stress placed upon it, particularly when you hit a backhand and more particularly when you hit a bad backhand. When a ball is poorly hit an acute strain runs along the muscle mass to the elbow joint. Result: scar tissue, painful nerve endings and an elbow that keeps you awake at night.

Severe cases of tennis elbow may need injections of novocain, cortisone or Butazolidin, or even casts to ensure immobility. In extreme instances, surgery may be necessary. Generally though, ice and aspirin can relieve much of the pain.

Dr. Nirschl, who likes to measure forearms, says those of world-class tennis players average 11 1/2 inches around, compared to 11 1/4 inches for the average male player and 9 1/2 inches for the average female. Grip power is 105 pounds for the star, but only 80 and 50 for the mixed-doubles team on your friendly neighborhood court. "Despite this disparity in muscle mass and power," says Dr. Nirschl, "all players tend to use the same size and weight racket." Because it is

often difficult for the average player to find a racket suited to a relatively puny musculature, Dr. Nirschl recommends a series of exercises to strengthen the forearm. He also thinks you should try to improve your backhand but warns, "This generally requires formal professional instruction."

In other words, take two aspirin and call your pro.

#### IS THE BARK . . . ?

In Lower Paxton Township, a suburb of Harrisburg, Pa., the supervisors consider a dog's bark as worse than its bite. They have issued a stern edict ordering persons to prevent their dogs and other pets from making "any loud or harsh noise or disturbance which shall interfere with or deprive the peace, quiet, rest or sleep of any person within the township." Owners of barking dogs or roaring lions in Lower Paxton will be fined not more than \$50 nor less than \$15, and can receive a term of up to 10 days in jail.

Francis R. Mummert, chairman of the board of supervisors, warned his fellow legislators that 90% of the people in the township own dogs. "I'm sure if we are going to arrest everybody whose dog barks, we'll have to arrest everybody in the township, including the members of this board," he added. Jack Hurley, township manager, pointed out: "You can't stop dogs from barking, just like you can't stop people from talking." Or legislators from passing the unenforceable.

#### SWAN SONG

Haverford College, the small, educationally prestigious school near Philadelphia, suddenly dropped intercollegiate football last week, even though it had been playing the gridiron sport since 1879. Dana Swan, head coach and athletic director, said only 17 men had turned out for practice, five of them freshmen. Of the 30 veterans expected to return from last year's team, 10 decided not to attend school during the fall semester and eight more (five of whom had injury problems from last season) chose not to report. The players who did come out roomed the campus and recruited seven more "right out of the lunch line," according to Swan, and practice went on. But after a preseason scrimmage produced two twisted knees and a sprained ankle, it was decided to cancel the eight-game schedule.

"It was a very painful decision," Swan said, "but it would have been more painful to play. There simply are not enough troops around here to play two-platoon football without getting killed."

Jon Sprogett, a junior, said veteran team members were bitter because "the cancellation of football removes their chance to excel at something they were good at." John Evans, a senior, said, "The football team was the only place on campus where you had a true feeling of togetherness. It was a very happy time." But Garry Gasper, a junior who did not return to the squad because of an injury, had a different view: "Haverford's sports program is beautiful, but they don't have enough coaches. I know 11 players who had no prior experience, and they needed a lot of help. If you don't have the coaching, it's murder. And once these new guys see how you get hurt, they don't come out again."

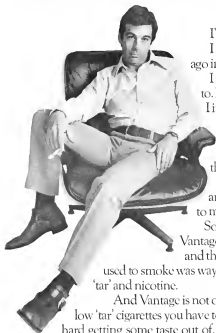
Even so, Swan hopes to field a team again in 1973, although this depends on an evaluation by the college community. "There's a trend in the thinking of today's youth that interferes with football," he said. "This business of taking leave from college for awhile is a thing of the 1970s." Still, he pointed out optimistically, "We have 12 other intercollegiate sports this year, and our soccer team will be very good."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Jim Hickman, Chicago Cub first baseman, asked what he was thinking as he circled the bases after hitting an 11th-inning, game-winning home run against the Dodgers: "As usual—nothing."
- Jim Gudger, East Texas State basketball coach, who was a Munich spectator: "I saw every team in the Olympic tournament play at least three times. Ten or 12 years ago there was only one team in the world that had a chance to beat the U.S. in basketball. That was Russia. Four years ago there were two: Russia and Yugoslavia. This year there were only four teams out of the 16 entered who had no chance of beating us. The other 12 had the talent and the coaching to do it."
- Doug Russell, who beat the then-unpopular Mark Spitz in the 100-meter butterfly at Mexico City in 1968, on Spitz' seven gold medals at Munich: "It could have happened to a nicer guy." **END**

# What I'm doing about smoking.

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I'm smoking Vantage.  
I took up smoking more than 15 years ago in the Marine Corps.  
I started smoking then because I wanted to. I smoke now because I want to. And I intend to keep on smoking as long as I want to.

But that doesn't make me bury my head in the sand and ignore the stuff in the papers about smoking.

My attitude is, OK, if high 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes are a concern to me, I'd better do something about it.

So I did. I started to smoke Vantage.

Vantage gives me the flavor of my old brand, and that takes some doing, because what I

used to smoke was way up there in 'tar' and nicotine.

And Vantage is not one of those low 'tar' cigarettes you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you end up not wanting to smoke it.

So what it really comes down to for me is smoking Vantage or my old cigarettes, because I enjoy smoking and don't want to give it up.

And if you feel the way I do, you'll enjoy smoking Vantage too.

*James Sherrin*  
New York, New York



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine.  
Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '72.

# FUNNY KIND OF A RACE

*The attendance is laughable and occasionally the play is, but the brawl among Boston, Baltimore, Detroit and New York for the American League East is the gaudiest ever to disinflate the fans* **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**



**I**t was the best of races and yet in one curious way, the worst. Never in memory had so many baseball contenders fought so spiritedly before such wary fans. Oh, people were talking about the race all right, but when it came to buying tickets they seemed to have their pockets filled with fishhooks. There went Boston, Detroit, Baltimore and New York, scrambling madly down the base paths of September in search of a semi-pennant, the championship of the American League East. All four were interesting teams—although certainly not great ones—and each possessed a remarkable tenacity during times of pressure and frustration. The Orioles, on paper the best of the four, seemed hell-bent on working their way into the record books as "The Hitless Enigmas," while the Tigers were in and out, up and down and yet holding on the tightest at a time when everyone thought sand should be shoveled over them. New York's Sparkys—er, Yankees—were like a toy raft that disappeared in the rips and eddies of the race only to keep bobbing up again in a different place. And in Boston the Red Sox were thrashing and kicking as they had not done since their pennant summer of 1967.

But everywhere there were empty seats. A game between the Red Sox and Yankees lured only 20,187 on a delightful night in New York. In Detroit, where

you could expect 45,000 for a Tiger-Oriole gang fight, 29,788 showed up. Even in Boston, usually a pesthouse of pennant fever, there were expanses of unoccupied chairs. And, as usual, the crowds in Baltimore all arrived in the same cab. Yet if the fans were not fevered, the teams were. Every week had its particular heroes. Last Week's Team was the Red Sox as Carl Yastrzemski saddled up for another Paul Revere ride, Luis Tiant threw another shutout and rookie Carlton Fisk (see cover) bashed another home run over the Great Green Wall. And time is running so short that in a few days some such Last Week's Team must be proclaimed The Team.



*Detroit's Leitch can peer over his abdomen for wins No. 21, while a .281 makes Baltimore's Goch the swinger on the hitless ones.*

Interest in the race undoubtedly has been muted by confusion over the player strike and its legacy: an irregular schedule. All teams started the same day, regardless of opponents lost or varying numbers of games to be played. Slowly this bouillabaisse of inequities is coming to a boil, and in the three cities that do not get a winner there will be screams of foul.

Only two teams, Boston and New York, could tie, because each plays 155 times. Detroit plays the most games (156) and Baltimore the fewest (154). Baltimore and Detroit played 18 games against each other, while the Orioles and Yankees met only 13 times. Ultimately, the Red Sox and Tigers will have played 14 times. The concept of divisional baseball holds that games within a division are the most important ones. Sadly, in 1972 that concept was cast aside.

Somebody's got to win, though. But who? It has been suggested of the Tigers, who led the division for a total of 101 days, that if you bugged their dugout you would hear only two sounds: Manager Billy Martin screaming and a lot of arteries hardening. The Tigers are old, certainly not hitting, and were left for dead at the beginning of last week after losing three straight games to the Yankees. The Tigers had run around the tree too long, and the time had come for them to turn to butter. They did nothing of the sort. Instead, they won three magnificent games from the Orioles and went on to sweep their week and find new life.

The Yankees had a chance to go into first place early in the week only to be fourth and fading at its end when Baltimore beat them two out of three. Certainly they were not Last Week's Team.

There may be 700 million people in China and one million more in Baltimore who could not care less about the Great Race, but the Orioles themselves care, and deeply. They are merely trying to become the first non-Yankee team ever to win four consecutive American League championships. In the last two seasons they closed out proceedings by going on 11-game winning streaks. If they hit they can do it again. But will they? Will they ever hit? At 281 young Bobby Grich is the hottest stick on a team that ought to blaze at the plate. No single statistic is more revealing than this: the Orioles' marvelous pitching staff has lost 27 games in which they gave



*Biggest surprise for Boston is the wreath of shutouts delivered by Luis Tiant. Last week's speakeasier: a 10-0 dozzler over Cleveland.*

up three runs or fewer. Baltimore's four 20-game winners of last year, Jim Palmer, Mike Cuellar, Pat Dobson and Dave McNally, are pitching better than they did in 1971, yet Dobson and McNally have a combined record of 28-32.

At times the race seemed like a television serial: every day a new plot twist. The Tigers went out and got massive Frank Howard from the Texas Rangers, for whom he was hitting like a featherweight, and Howard promptly blasted a Dave McNally fastball into the right-field seats to beat the Orioles. Baltimore, desperate for offense, bought Tommy Davis from the Chicago Cubs. Though Manager Earl Weaver tries to hide Davis on defense by putting him everywhere except beneath the tarpaulin, Davis hits. The Red Sox bring Luis Tiant back from oblivion. Luis reaches down through the years for a bit of his old fastball and throws four consecutive shutouts.

The Red Sox got into the race when most baseball fans were out to lunch. Until recently Boston was only "the team that traded Sparky Lyle to the Yankees." But it was more—a home run

team that played its first 11 games without producing one and played its first three months in a Nantucket fog. Then just before the All-Star break the Sox had a most interesting six-game—yes, six—series in Fenway against the league's Western powerhouse, Oakland. Boston won four and suddenly a feeling developed that the team had not experienced since its last pennant. "What we are now," says Carl Yastrzemski, "began with that series. We felt together as a team probably for the first time. Oakland was supposed to be the best in the American League outside of the Orioles, and we played damn well against them. [Ultimately the Red Sox played Oakland 12 times, won nine and could easily have won two more.]

"After the All-Star break we did not win a lot of games in a row. In fact, we played some poor games, but the feeling was there that we were better than our record showed. This year's team is both different from and similar to the 1967 Sox. For one thing, this year our starting pitching is a lot deeper than it was back in '67. Another difference is

*continued*



Thurman Munson produces an RBI or two but is better known as Sparky Lyle's backstop.

that the 1967 team was made up mostly of players who had come through the Red Sox system, so we had known each other for some time. This year we've been getting acquainted with some new people, guys like Doug Griffin at second and Ben Oglive in right and Andy Kosco in left."

But where is the hot hitter a winner almost always has? Yaz was that man the last time Boston won, getting 10 hits in his last 13 times at bat. He could be that man again, even though his overall statistics are far below the standards of excellence he has set for himself. Through last weekend he was batting only .268 and had but eight homers and 55 runs batted in. His career averages are .293 and 23 home runs and 85 RBIs.

Of Baltimore, Yastrzemski said, "Everything I read about Frank Robinson interested me. He was the guy you feared. I suppose they do miss him. The thing that might be missing most is that he helped their young players learn the game. There are a lot of things about leadership that fans don't truly understand. And you have to remember, we

were pretty close to Baltimore in August of last year and then lost a tough game to them and fell away. This year two of our young pitchers, John Curtis and Lynn McGlothen, have done a fine job and Fisk has come on to be a heck of a good catcher and a good hitter. Those elements were not with us in 1971."

John Curtis is a 24-year-old left-hander with a degree in history from Clemson who spent last winter as a sportswriter in Spartanburg, S.C. How does John Curtis tell the story of the 1972 Red Sox?

"We are a team that found itself," he says. "We have discovered that if we play the way we are capable of playing we can win it all. The central figure is Yaz, and he is in a tenuous position. Everyone looks to him to be the leader, but he really isn't that kind of guy. Everyone pushed the leadership on him and Yaz did not seem to want it."

He just went out and played the best he could. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed that Yaz was excited. I know that when I pitched and he started playing first, no one pulled harder for me. The other veterans got excited, too. I would read in the papers where Luis [Aparicio] said we had a chance at the pennant or that Rico [Petrocelli] said we could win it. The guys who had not been through it saw the veterans get enthused. Then we did, too. It was both a spontaneous and contagious thing."

Eddie Kasko, Boston's manager, is the Rodney Dangerfield of the Great Race. He just doesn't seem to get any respect, at least not in some parts of the Boston press. Earl Weaver, Ralph Houk and Billy Martin have signed contracts for 1973. Kasko's contract had not been renewed by the end of last week, even though his team was out ahead with only 16 games left to play.

Kasko is a quiet, scholarly man with a fondness for pistachio nuts. His handling of Fisk and Boston's other young players has been exemplary, but his best move came very late. It was on Aug. 19 that he shifted Yastrzemski from left field to first base, a position Yaz has played in the past and prefers. "When I'm playing left," he says, "I tend to bring a bad time at bat to the outfield with me and brood. At first base there



Although no glove is sorer than Brooks's, the Birds miss the R who flew west, Frank.

isn't any time for that because you are in the game all the time." And lo, the Red Sox have won 19 of the 25 games he has played at that position.

Reggie Smith, Petrocelli and Yastrzemski are the only Red Sox remaining of the 1967 vintage. "We were so young then," Petrocelli reflected last week. "Everything seemed so good. We thought it would never end, that the good times would go on forever. They didn't even last through 1968."

In echo of Petrocelli, a small banner hung from the top deck at Fenway last Saturday: REMEMBER '67. The crowd was small (17,335) by Fenway standards, but if the Sox noticed the empty seats they did not let on, playing perhaps their finest game of the season as they beat the Indians 10-0. Tommy Harper led off the Boston first by reaching the nets above The Wall. Fisk pumped a high homer to left center in the second, and when he returned to the dugout the first man to greet him was Yaz. His cap was off and a huge smile lit his face. In the third Yastrzemski came to bat with Aparicio on first and homered into the center-field seats. Yaz produced another RBI,

and another, and then Kasko sent a runner in for him so the crowd could give him an ovation as he trotted off the field. It was a nice touch that, for Boston fans have been dinning boos upon his head for months because of his so-so hitting.

Fisk's home run was his 22nd of the season, the most ever for a Boston catcher, and his arm is so strong that he may elect one day to throw a ball from Belkows Falls, Vt. to Dedham, Mass. without letting it bounce in Lowell or Keene. He is strong-willed, too, in the pattern of New England's baseball stars. In August, Fisk suggested publicly that the Red Sox would be a much better team if Yastrzemski and Smith played up to their potential and salaries instead of moping their way through the summer. Fisk said he was misquoted when he saw his words in print, but since then Boston has played close to .650 baseball. A number of players and newsmen had said much the same thing; it was not until Fisk weighed in that they were taken seriously.

Unlike most catchers, Fisk hits a lot of triples and runs the bases well. He constantly plays down his abilities as a catcher—properly so; a Johnny Bench he is not. Yet. But he has assumed one of the toughest jobs in baseball, taking over a pitching staff as a rookie. Quite successfully, too. Today, in the huge souvenir shop across from Fenway, large stacks of Fisk color photographs are positioned

right next to those of Yaz.

Now Fisk and his friends have a real chore coming up. Boston ends its season on the road with three games in Baltimore followed by three more in Detroit. Historically, the Red Sox are the American League's worst road team, mostly because they have been molded to take advantage of The Wall. The season's last week may even be enough to make the fans lose their glassy stares and climb a few walls of their own.

END

*The Sox devil is playing first and hitting at last. Results: they can't raze the Yaz.*

—ALAN BRANTZ



Still suffering from the all-too-recent hockey calamity visited on her by the Russians, plucky Canada put another national treasure on the line last week—and lost that one to a superpower, too, in a wicked naval battle on the waters of Lake Ontario. The prize: a 76-year-old piece of silver called the Canada's Cup that is to yacht racing on the Great Lakes what the America's Cup is to the saltwater world at large. Over the years the United States had held the cup more often than not, but not since 1954.

As usual, Canada cloaked the sweat and steely purpose of her defense in the atmosphere of a Victorian garden party. The host Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, a place of formal bowers, ancient cannon, lawn-tennis courts and bowling greens, offered no hint of stress. For his part, the American challenger, a typographer's nightmare named Llywd Ecclestone, was disarmingly pudgy and baby-faced. Llywd calls himself Lloyd, naturally, and lives next door to Jack Nicklaus at Lost Tree Village, Fla. Among other things, he runs a construc-

## O CANADA! THERE GOES ANOTHER

*First came the Russian icemen, and now the U.S. sailors. At least there was suspense as they seized the Canada's Cup* **by HUGH D. WHALL**

tion company. "Don't let Llywd fool you," said a friend. "He's as tough as they come. In his business, he has to be."

Ecclestone sailed in with a 39-foot sloop called *Dynamite*, representing Detroit's Bay View Yacht Club. Designed by New Englander Ted Hood to survive an elaborate five-boat elimination series in the vagrant summer breezes of Lake Michigan, *Dynamite* would clearly go best in light weather.

By contrast the 40-foot Canadian defender, *Mirage*, was known to be a slug-giard when the wind slept and smartened up only when it blew 12 knots or better. Designer George Cuthbertson had created her precisely so because that was calculated to be minimum fare on Lake

Ontario in September. The Canadians could not be faulted for letting George do it again; his *Mantow* had won a famous victory over the American *Niagara* in the 1969 defense, *Niagara* being a creation of that America's Cup tiger, Olin Stephens. At *Mirage's* helm was Gordon Fisher, a newspaper executive and commodore of the RCYC.

There were to be two America's Cup-style buoy races of 21 miles each that would count a point apiece and an over-nighter of some 180 miles worth two points. Should the boats then be tied, a final race around the buoys would settle things.

The 12th defense of the cup began before a large spectator fleet, but, anti-

*America's "Dynamite" ghosts along in the kind of light breeze she loves. There was just the right amount of it on Lake Ontario to thwart her foe.*







Winmar Ecclestone: baby-faced and tough.

climatically, the first race was all but becalmed—and eventually postponed. Ecclestone had managed a substantial lead when time was called. The next day it looked like *Dynamite* weather once again; the surface was nearly as calm as a bowl of broth. When the starting gun fired, *Mirage* had the upper hand; *Dynamite* almost immediately tacked to clear her air. Within minutes, however, her superiority in light wind showed and she eased ahead.

Then, like magic, the wind freshened up to the 12 knots *Mirage* needed, and within a quarter hour she passed her rival as if she were anchored. This served warning of what *Mirage* could do, but, as suddenly as the wind came, it went, and the Canadian boat eventually lost by one minute, 40 seconds.

The following day brought wind as weak. Her only hope a cancellation, *Mirage* in preliminary sparring lolled and rolled, while the *Dynamites* trimmed the American sloop to every whisper of air in an effort to convince the race committee there was wind aplenty. There was—for *Dynamite*. Though *Mirage* again took the start, the U.S. won one of the most lopsided victories in cup history by 18 minutes, 10 seconds.

So it was Canada 0-2 as the over-nighter began, and a case of do or die. Fisher later called it "one of the greatest match races ever sailed." Consider: over a 177.6-mile course, forth and back across the lake, in weather so changeable that Fisher "howled with rage" at its vagaries, the lead changed hands no fewer than seven times. *Mirage* won in the very last hour and a half and then only

because Fisher made a daring gamble.

*Dynamite* was ahead; the wind was softening. On the theory that he must do something, anything, Fisher deliberately sailed for a flat spot and prayed for a new breeze on the other side that would fetch him home. That is exactly what he found. It blew *Mirage* swiftly toward the finish line and took its sweet time getting over to *Dynamite*. Though the boats had battled through an afternoon and a long night and most of the next day, *Mirage's* margin at the finish was less than five minutes. And now the score was 2-2.

Lloyd Ecclestone awoke on the morning of the tie-breaking race to a weather forecast that sounded both encouraging and discouraging for the Americans. The wind would blow from next

to nothing (good) to 20 knots (bad). The action began with the stuff of a first-rate match race: a tight start to weather and, as the wind abruptly shifted, a nip-and-tuck, off-the-wind duel; a huffing match; a 27-tack upwind battle. Gradually *Mirage* fell behind, never to catch up. But though *Dynamite* eventually won by one minute and seven seconds, the margin does not tell the full story, for the breeze at the end was building and *Mirage* was charging up.

For the first time in 18 years the Canada's Cup belonged to the U.S. "As we crossed the finish line, we felt we were almost in another world," said Ecclestone, clutching a champagne glass. All about were the stiffest upper lips in the British Commonwealth. For Canada it had been a very bad month. **END**

Canada's "Mirage" flies a busy spinnaker to harness the wind, but there was never enough.



# WINNING WITH A DASH OF ORANGE

*Penn State, seeking revenge, spent a weary evening trying to snare Tennessee's Condredge Holloway*

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

They came down out of the East, espousing crazy notions. "I consider football just another extracurricular activity, like debating, the band, or anything else on campus," said their coach, Joe Paterno. "It should never be taken out of context."

"Well," said a Tennessee supporter. He had on an orange shirt and hat. His wife had on an orange dress and was carrying an orange purse. His little boy had on an orange hat, shirt and bow tie. They were on their way into Neyland Stadium, and they were surrounded by enough orange shirts, hats, purses, dresses, ties and trousers to subdue the Irish Republican Army. If you could pan out and get a broad view of the whole city of Knoxville, also known as Big Orange Country, you could see that every third physical object was colored orange or had an orange, or the word "orange" printed or pasted or laminated or appliqued on it. The Tennessee man was asked to comment on the Penn State coach's remark.

"Well," he said. "We can beat their band, too."

It was what is called an intersectional collision. The husky, cultivated (they once had a pianist defensive tackle), everything-in-proportion Nittany Lions, ranked either sixth or seventh according to which poll you believe, versus the rangy, hard-pursuing, fully emphasized Volunteers (known as the Big Orange), ranked seventh or sixth.

It was also—not just incidentally—the first night home game in Tennessee's history, and it was a chance for Penn State to avenge its one loss of last year, a 31-11 defeat in its final game in the very same stadium. Furthermore, it was this season's first chance to find out whether Easterners—or at least their football—are effete or not. Some hours later, when the 384 new \$65 light bulbs were blinking off and that orange crowd of 71,647, the largest ever to attend a sports event in the state, was filing out, Penn State was still seeking revenge but the consensus seemed to be that any



team that could lose only 28-21 to Tennessee at home couldn't be all bad.

In fact, had it not been for two very fleet young Vols, Penn State might have won in a walk. In the first half the Tennessee defense performed the way it had last year, intercepting two passes and recovering two fumbles—only this year, instead of scoring the points itself via runbacks, the defense turned the attack over to the offense, led by Quarterback Condredge Holloway and Tailback Haskell (Snap Back) Stanback.

The diminutive Holloway (the looks closer to 5' 9", 160 than the 5' 11", 175 he is purported to be) fluttered in and out of rushers' grasps like a butterfly, completed key passes and kept a complicated, shifting, all-kinds-of-people-in-motion offense flowing up and down the field. The lean 200-pound Stanback scored on runs of 41 and two yards. An ordinarily less spectacular Vol, Fullback Steve Chancey, not only threw the big block on Stanback's 41-yarder but also went 22 yards through a jungle of shoulders and arms for a touchdown of his own. The result was a halftime score of 21-0.

That seemed a little excessive at the time, but all those points came in handy during the second half when the Tennessee pass defense not only ceased to create turnovers but became downright porous, which in terms of Tennessee tradition is like the Distant Early Warning Line becoming dotted. Penn State Quarterback John Hufnagel had looked shaky in the first half while passing for 21 yards. But in the second he threw for 171 yards and two touchdowns, and he handed off for a third.

Meanwhile the Penn State linebackers, instead of trying to adjust to every whim of the Tennessee shifts, had just dug in and started knocking down everyone who came to hand. As a result, the Vols ceased to move the ball.

This would have been normal enough last year, when the function of the Tennessee offense was to stay out of trouble until Bobby Majors or some other defensive back could pluck some form of loose ball from the air and score with it. But in this year's opener, a 34-3 victory over Georgia Tech, the Tennessee offense actually sustained drives. Some of that sustenance was what the Vol of-

fense needed in the second half against Penn State.

Needed and produced. Seconds after the fourth quarter began, Tennessee, now leading only 21-14, took over at its own 20. Six minutes and 13 plays later Stanback went over from the two for his third touchdown. Even though Hufnagel brought the Lions right back to make it 28-21, time ran out on them before they could score again.

Ah, ball control. Everyone knows how vital it is. But in the abstract it seems a little boring, just as, in the abstract, there is nothing very spicy about "the little leadership-type course thing." Head Coach Bill Battle gave the Vols every Monday night last winter.

"I believe that leaders are made not born," says Battle. "Sometimes you do have natural leaders—you've got a leadership element on your team. If they lead in the direction you want to go, you're in business. If they lead in another direction, you're in trouble. So I prepared a lesson every week, and gave 'em little handouts—motivational things, positive-thinking things. We talked about leaders who succeeded after failing many times—Lincoln, and, of course, Nixon." Battle himself is no authority on even prefatory failure. At the age of 30 he is in his third year as a head coach and he has not finished out of the top 10.

Tennessee has played big for Battle, but its size has been strangely small. When asked why he has tended to have relatively little players, Battle says, "We've recruited big ones, but some of the big ones haven't played as well as the small ones. Maybe we just haven't gotten the right big ones."

Holloway continues the trend—brilliantly. In spite of his stature, he was athletic enough to be able to dunk a basketball at 14. At 17 he was sought out by the Montreal Expos, who offered him close to \$100,000 to become their shortstop someday. But his mother insisted that he go to college first. "A lot of people in baseball could use some schooling on a human relations basis," says Mrs. Holloway. "They couldn't or wouldn't talk to me. They would go through his coach, and it reminded me of some old stereotype that you must go through a white to communicate with a black because a black doesn't know how to talk or something. The university [Tennessee] didn't deal this way."

As a freshman last year Holloway walked on campus and beat Majors, the dorm champion, at Ping-Pong. Scrimmaging against the varsity before its last season game with Auburn he would run one series of downs as Pat Sullivan and the next as Terry Beasley—thus performing as both ends of that famed pass-catch team. Playing against the Notre Dame freshmen he dived into the air from their seven, was hit at thigh level by two tacklers on the five, did a flip and landed on his back in the end zone.

Now, at 19, he has shown his nerve by growing a mustache—the rule evidently having been relaxed in the year and a half since NCAA champion Bill Skinner was prevented from throwing the javelin for Tennessee because of his face hair. Battle admires the fact that Holloway "shows no fear. He gives total commitment of his body. You have to cringe every time the little son of a gun gets around a crowd." Holloway was around a crowd of tacklers all night against Penn State, and although the crowd tended to approach him in a gingerly fashion, lest he wrinkle and be gone, the crowd also jumped on him a good many times.

One time when it seemed as if the crowd had him, Holloway produced the biggest move of the night. It was the next to last play of the 30-yard drive. He had accounted for most of the drive's yardage himself, having completed four of four passes for 45 yards and run three times for 20. On second and goal from the Penn State nine he rolled out on the option and was hit a few times. And then two people had their arms wrapped around him at once, and he mostly faded from view. He seemed down, and somebody in the press box said, "Well, no gain on that . . ." and then he pitched out, to Stanback, who picked up seven yards. On the next play Stanback scored the clincher.

One might well wonder why last year's and this year's games between these two teams both happened to take place in Knoxville. It is very complicated, but at one point Paterno, wanting to have the second game played at Penn State on television, told the Volunteers he would not play in Knoxville at this time of year except at night, knowing that Tennessee had no lights in Neyland Stadium. So they put up lights. Paterno might have guessed he was a beaten man already.

*Auburn. Holloway shifts this way after an unfortunate State defender leaned that way.*

# STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Is there any way such disparate personalities could fit into an analysis of the recent cataclysmic transfers of sporting power—hockey from Canada to Russia, basketball from the U.S. to the Soviets, but chess from them to us? Only this noted conservative thinker could find it

by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

The strange athletic inversions of the past fortnight raise questions about the stability of the universe beyond even the authority of Avery Brundage to resolve, though he is the catalyst of at least one of the great discontinuities, Russia over America in basketball. He had little to do with the second, Russia's successful challenge to Canadian hegemony in hockey, though his agents tried to abort the contest on the grounds that pitting Russian amateurs against Canadian professionals caused a fungible situation: now the amateurs would be thought professionals, and likewise their colleagues in other athletic disciplines. But he found himself arguing, in effect, the virginity of Zsa Zsa Gabor, which

is always the chivalrous thing to do but does not any longer engage the public attention. So the show went on. Concerning the third, he had no role at all. What Bobby Fischer did to Boris Spassky was not exactly an athletic event—the rules were not laid down by an Olympic committee—but it is clearly a defeat the Soviet Union consoles itself over only by reminding itself that it is unlikely that the United States will make Bobby Fischer the head of our SALT II delegation.

One of the questions raised, of course, is: Is there a natural affinity for any single sport by any single nation, or is distinction purely a matter of tradition?

Some of the answers come easily. Obviously where there is a lot of snow and ice, there will be a lot of the sports that require snow and ice. As I say, that one is easy.

But moving over, for instance, to basketball, what are the natural conditions auspicious to playing that sport? One thinks only of physical stature. But that, really, is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as there are at least enough very tall men to fill a nation's basketball teams in al-



most any medium-sized country, so it is not even worth inquiring into the relative median height of the American compared to the median height of the Russian; it is largely irrelevant to an inquiry into natural prowess.

One can talk knowingly about a "basketball culture," but not really surefootedly. One engages in sociological gamesmanship, a sport that has its own gold-medal winners, but the rules are inscrutable and the talk endless and pointless.

And then chess. We are now encouraged to call it a sport, and one of the reasons why is that it apparently requires

a keen physical condition to play championship chess. Boris Spassky, it is said, does push-ups and lifts weights as diligently as if he were headed for the gymnasium rather than the chessboard. There are even those who say that the defeat of Spassky by Fischer was substantially a physical defeat of an older man by a younger man. I do not trust the constitution of that argument, and certainly not its implications, and will not be seduced by it into betting on the younger against the older computer. The morphology of championship chess is inscrutable, something that contributes to the game's fascination and edges it surreptitiously away from sport in the direction of art.

Still, it remains a fact that chess is traditionally a Russian monopoly, franchised to the colonies in Eastern Europe, even as hockey "belongs" to Canada and basketball to the United States, and we are best off examining the triple convulsion by examining the most conspicuous explanations for it.

Obviously a nation covets that which another country preeminently has. Not everything, else you'd find Russia coveting American freedom, which jealousy has never been in prospect—except, I suppose, America's freedom to covet, which the Soviet Union long ago surpassed. There was great enthusiasm in the United States over the victories of Fischer and Mark Spitz, but the victories of the Soviet Union in hockey and basketball were celebrated in Russia, one gathers, by condemned prisoners dancing together with their executioners. Unseating the champion is a universally satisfying thing to do, and if the theatrical circumstances combine a controlled titan and a bumptious challenger (Spassky vs. Fischer), or better still a supercilious defender and a poor-boy challenger (Canada vs. Russia), the satisfaction sweetens. It is in this sense obvious that a nation given to collective enterprise, which notoriously the U.S.S.R. is given to, spends more time plotting to occupy someone else's turf than to defending its own. So much for motivation.

To get out of the way another point, let us acknowledge that the jury of appeals under whose patronage the Russians took the gold medal away from the American basketball team was, to say the least, highly obliging to the Russians. The lawyer William Kunstler is forever talking about American justice being a juggernaut at the service of the Establishment, though to be sure he gives his thesis discreet leaves of absence for a week or so after American justice

continues



- 1 Belor wins for Russia
- 2 Solzhenitsyn
- 3 de Gaulle
- 4 Brundage
- 5 Daley
- 6 Marcuse
- 7 Kunstler
- 8 Washington
- 9 Gabor
- 10 Lenin
- 11 Dawson
- 12 Buckley
- 13 Davis
- 14 Fischer
- 15 Kasserger
- 16 Spitz
- 17 Goble Trevel
- 18 Seale
- 19 Mao
- 20 Brodsky
- 21 Molotov
- 22 Nixon

springs an Angela Davis or a Bobby Seale. But the quick and congested succession of decisions that resulted in giving the gold medal to the Russians is only explainable with reference to the ideas of transcendent justice, the labored explanation of which furnished the reputation of Professor Herbert Marcuse. I am clumsy at it, but it goes something like this. If an American player knocks down a Soviet player, it is a foul because it is against the rules. But if a Soviet player knocks down an American player, to invoke the rules is to invoke an extension of that entire mechanism of repression whose sole job it is to frustrate the emergence of proletarian reality. Concentrate hard and you too will understand.

Anyway, there were five judges, representing Hungary, Italy, Poland, Puerto Rico and Cuba. The vote in the controversial decision that gave Russia the medal was, it is said, three to two. As they would put it in the children's test, group together the two likely clusters of numbers: 1 . . . 47 . . . 2 . . . 48 . . . 3. Mr. Nixon is asking for another term in part in order to change finally the balance of power in the Supreme Court. The Olympic committee is not pledged to a similar reform.

So, then, they stole the basketball title, which is Russia's now as a result directly of the courtesy of the judges. But we must remember this, that hanky-panky aside, the teams were very nearly even at the end of the match, so that supremacy by the United States was substantively challenged. Most tight Olympic contests waged by individuals are won by the breadth of a split second, and that sliver confers upon a whole nation the sense of honest corporate achievement. It is different in some of the team sports when the score is very close. If you win a basketball game 50-30 (or a hockey game 7-3), you are the better team. If you win a basketball game 50-49, what you have is two evenly matched teams, one of which is lucky.

The Soviet Union's greatest natural advantage, to be sure, derives from the institutionalization of fraud. It has so often been pointed out that Russian athletes are professionals that it is tiresome even to repeat the point. Incidentally, this cultural characteristic is worth not-

ing, if only because its Olympic implications are also conclusive. Not only is it generally true that Communists do not tire of being the butt of criticism, it is also true that Westerners do tire of offering criticism. Thus you will not only not wear down the Soviet representatives of the Olympic committee by documenting the professional care and feeding of their competitors, you will simultaneously wear down the Americans who level the charges. This is a signal advantage, not only because it produces a salivary insensitivity as one learns to tune out criticism, but because by one's strategic indifference to it one discourages the critic. It is a commonplace in international affairs that the reason why it is joyous for foreigners to burn down, say, a USIS library is because America always reacts with horror and hurt. If you know ahead of time that to document that young Ivan, who approaches the basketball court as an amateur, has been training as a basketball player since he was 6½ years old, and that during the entire period of his training his father, mother, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, grandparents and bastard children have been given extra-socialist materialist consideration by the state, will arouse no more attention than the metronomic motion of a recording clerk's acknowledging the receipt of your brief—why, you tend to give up. And you say to yourself, in effect: well, the job at hand is for American amateurs—or, if you insist, demi-amateurs—to compete against Russian professionals. Well, let's see if we can't accomplish that. For years we did.

We are slipping now, and it is clearly not on account of a universal national fluency. Athens eventually lost to Sparta, under the pressure of Spartan concentration and single-mindedness. We do not know what to do, assuming we elect to make glory at the Olympics a national enterprise. Nationalize the enterprise?

Moving away from the obvious, is it safe to generalize that free people will exert themselves more completely than enslaved people? That is the legend but perhaps it is also the myth. It is easily gamed by spot comparisons. The vaunted tenacity and nobility of the British people who stood by freedom during the awful early days of the Second World War are no more striking than

the behavior of the inhabitants of Leningrad. Less so, I suppose it would be fair to say—even avoiding the polemically tempting observation that inhabitants of the Soviet Union are professionally trained in duress, while inhabitants of England are clearly amateurs. Freedom is the indispensable catalyst of a certain kind of greatness, and this is indisputable as that any magnet tuned to search out literary genius in Soviet Russia would instantly home in on Solzhenitsyn, without a quiver's distraction in the direction of the time-serving Lenin Prizes who ooze and chuckle and swoon over the detritus of Nikolai Lenin as schoolboy.

But a whole people are variously moved. And even as the inhabitants of Leningrad clearly preferred death from starvation or disease, as hundreds of thousands proved they did in the most convincing way, to surrender to the Nazis, the representatives of the Soviet Union in basketball, and in hockey, and in chess, will clearly do their best for their homeland. Their homeland, using the cant phrase, is a peculiar combination of tropisms, some of them nationalistic and patriotic, some of them egotistic. The fact of the matter is that the typical Soviet athletic competitor does not pause halfway through the 400-meter sprint to denounce the treatment of Josef Brodsky by Soviet authorities.

Once again the mind turns to the uses of national subsidies. One can see it now, in a future political platform. . . . *We pledge to change the name to the Department of Health, Education, Welfare and Sport. Federal feeder farms for shot-putters, discreet and not-so-discreet scholarships for ice skaters and pole vaulters. That is one direction, the other being a total reconstitution of the Olympic Games, which is unlikely in an age in which the projection of the graph shows that it is moving in a direction advantageous to the totalitarian communities. Though the collision of interests could cause the Games ultimately to come apart, America might find that adjustment to the ethic of Olympic victory requires a correlative adjustment of domestic values which we are not willing to tolerate, let alone subsidize.*

Where, then, do we go next in inquiring into the recent convulsions? It is tempting to yield to the magnetic draw

*continued*



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of political analogies. If Richard Nixon can go to Peking and adumbrate there the similarities between George Washington's revolution and Mao Tse-tung's, we have a *volte-face* at least the equivalent of the Soviet defeat of a Canadian hockey team, one would think. If the power-conscious Mr. Kissinger can endorse a SALT treaty which with lapidary relish relegates the United States to inferior status as a strategic nuclear power, then it should not so much surprise us that a Hungarian, a Pole and a Cuban together committed and outmaneuvered—enjoying advantages cultivated and ontological—an Italian and a Pole to Ruman at a critical moment in an athletic contest between Us and Them. Mr. Arthur Daley of *The New York Times*, who is renowned for his good manners, meditated a day or two later on the spectacular refusal of the United States team to accept the second-place silver medal. Very bad show by the conventional criteria. But, he found, under the galling circumstances, that their refusal was—O.K. I am reminded that Henry Kissinger, deservingly for the first time to the American press the terms of the SALT treaty, excused it on the grounds that such was the momentum of the Soviet lead, the United States was not left at the bargaining table in a position of doing better than it did. Mr. Kissinger also refused the silver medal, not because the United States didn't deserve it—as the second nuclear strategic power we clearly do. But because Mr. Kissinger, for reasons of tact, declined to fix the responsibility for our having shipped in four years from No. 1 to No. 2. The irony is that the culprits in this instance weren't anything like the equivalent of Soviet satellite judges. The White House proved more respectful of Congress than our Olympic team did of the satellite judges.

Christopher Dawson, the historian, remarked a dozen years ago on the movement of world revolution. It is, he said toward the West, not away from it, and deep historical conclusions can be drawn from will-o'-the-wisps like Nikita Khrushchev's arriving at Geneva for the first postwar Summit Conference wearing a fedora. We are used to resentments. Twenty years ago they started, in France, to protest against the Coca-Colonization

of then culture. In the turbulent '60s anything surprising could happen and most things did, but the one rock on which Gallic certitude was founded was that Charles de Gaulle would never lapse into Franglais, never mind what the former McCarthyite Richard Nixon was destined to say, in Peking, about our identification with the Long March or, in Moscow a few months later, about the *bons fides* of the Soviet leadership. The pull of Western ways was terribly obvious to Christopher Dawson, but the pull turns out to be rather more bilateral than unilateral. They say that the Soviet Union in programming the hockey team that upset Canada was wonderfully glibful—not at all in the traditional pose of blunderbuss Bolshevism. The 20-year-old Russian goalie (or so the story goes) in his initial exposures was all over the lot in clumsiness, as if Stepan Feteht had been mistakenly conscripted to serve. At the real thing in Montreal, he turned out to be devastating, better by far than the Magnot Line. Aw shucks, he said, when confronted with the disparity of this with his earlier performances, the Americans watched me play a match the day before my wedding, and needless to say my mind was on other things.

Now that is pure Yankee—charming, jumping-frog disingenuousness. Meanwhile, only a few weeks earlier in Reykjavik (Reykjavik!—I mean, it is too much!), Bobby Fischer was treating Borisovissimo Spassky the way old Iron But Molotov treated the Western powers over nearly a generation. No, No, No. No, No! The square was too square, the circle too round, the line too straight. Fischer did not lack the confidence our diplomats lacked (during those crucial years when the gold medals hung sloppily around our necks)—he made his demands and discovered (what others have less conspicuously discovered) that when one wishes to prevail against the Soviet Union, the best way to do it is to assert oneself. The movement of world revolution, like one of those playful hurricanes that do a swirl or two, gyrating back on their course in a lazy circle, is all over the place, and the students of gamesmanship are going to spend many hours, or in any case should, on what happened in Montreal, and in Reykjavik, and in Munich.

END

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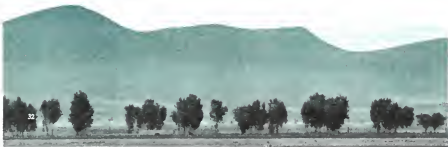
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER







The sport runs year-round. The bundled enthusiast on this page is Bob Walligunda, fixing the vent inside his familiar Lark balloon. In the more summery settings at right and on the next pages, balloonists go up over rolling meadows, come down in farmyards—and everywhere find folks eager to help and curious to watch their getaways.











## IT HAS A LOT MORE UPS THAN DOWNS

A dog barks down below and a red-headed woodpecker is tapping on a tree. Butterflies are adrift against the lavender blossoms of a vast alfalfa field, and a Baltimore oriole flashes orange upon the deep green of a maple grove. There is a boxy white farmhouse, and one can hear quite clearly the squeak of a rocking chair and the desultory murmur of a summer noontime conversation between two women sitting on the broad front porch.

The Iowa world lies down there, Lilliputian farms and cornfields and a herd of cows the size of a handful of peanuts. It is clearly seen and plainly heard by men standing at peace in the sky, dangling in a tiny wicker basket suspended beneath a balloon full of heated air.

Ballooning is something of a sweet anachronism in this desperate and hurried age, a remarkably delicate, genteel, civilized amusement practiced by persons of good taste and romantic sensibilities. There are only about 250 active balloonists in the U.S. today, not more than 100 hot-air balloons for them to fly. It is a private sport and though balloonists may wax enthusiastic over its future growth and potential popularity, they still are firmly against any vast proliferation of balloons. Don Piccard, best-known manufacturer of the fine old traditional wicker-basket style of bag, says, "I don't really like to make a balloon for a man I don't know. But the sport is growing and one of these days—soon, I am afraid—there will be someone mass-producing them. Dammit."

Perhaps it will come to that; the appeal of the balloon is profound. The 1972 National Hot-Air Balloon Championships were held last summer in the hamlet of Indianola, Iowa, and there were more American balloonists (47) assembled there than had ever been together before. Steve Langjahr, a California biology professor who was balloon-meister for the occasion, said, "Balloons are something from the past. They haven't changed very much since Montgolfier's balloons went up in Paris in the 18th century. About the only thing different now is that some people prefer an aluminum basket to the

wicker. Also we have nylon bags, and there are on-board heaters to keep us aloft. But the real appeal is that balloons come from another time when life was quieter, simpler, maybe fuller. We cherish the traditions of ballooning."

At Indianola, in keeping with one of those traditions, each competitor was issued three bottles of champagne as soon as he arrived. "You should never go up without a bottle of good wine aboard," said Norton Gram, a pre-med student from California who was assistant balloon-meister. "We never know where we will land, and it has always been the practice of devoted balloonists to share a glass of champagne with the first person to arrive at his balloon after it comes down. Originally this was to smooth over any hostility landowners might feel at seeing a bag of hot air come down on their property, but I haven't run into a hostile farmer yet—balloons seem to make people feel good."

This was not always the case. In the days of the randy, barn-storming balloonists, around the turn of this century, most farmers did not smile at all. They hid their daughters when word was out that balloonists were around. "Yes, the old smoke balloonists were considered a danger to the local fair sex," says Captain Eddie Allen, a grizzled septuagenarian and former smoke balloonist who has made more than 3,250 flights since his first ascension in 1913. His greatest ascent went up more than 100 years ago with famed hot-air genius Thaddeus Lowe, the man who designed the observation balloons used by the Union against the Confederacy in the Civil War. "In my heyday," recalls Captain Eddie, "I used to scare the pants off people by hanging with one hand from my basket and eating an ice-cream cone. People didn't quite know what to make of us—we were like men from the moon. I know that back then there wasn't a hotelkeeper in the country who would put sheets on a bed in a room where a known balloonist was going to sleep: they were all convinced we'd steal 'em to patch our balloons."

Nowadays bed sheets would not do. A hot-air balloon is made of sherry nylon, and the 70-foot bag is inflated with heated air from propane-fueled burners. Once aloft, a balloon can be controlled—induced to go up or down—through continued blasts of heat, a shot of flame from the on-board burner a couple of times every minute. It is slow and clumsy work, though, and a man must keep a sharp eye out for water tanks, steeples, weather vanes and, most lethal of all, power lines. There is absolutely no steering of balloons in any direction but that in which the wind doth blow. David Little, a partner in a Statesville, N.C. teaching-and-exhibitions company called Balloon Ascensions Ltd., says, "It's the one thing about ballooning that all of us really love most. I guess it's the antithesis of the American Dream, because it's so sort of useless, but I've seen a raccoon in a tree and a skunk running in a field and I've flown above a hawk. I've listened to crickets chirping 'way down there. I've picked the leaves off the top of a 100-foot oak tree. I've never known where I was going or when I would come down, and when I was in my balloon I didn't give a damn. Not one damn, because I was free, which is something people who stay on the ground can't really say or maybe even understand."

Balloonists seem to expend a fair amount of effort trying to find the best possible way to convey the sense of liberty and buoyancy they experience when they're aloft. Perhaps when all the hand signals and the searching for poetic adjectives are done, a bearded and erratic-haired Lockheed engineer named Deke Sonnichsen has found the most thoroughly satisfying answer to the problem. When he is aloft, Sonnichsen simply shouts into the sky a poem written by William Blake called "Eternity":

*He who binds to himself a Joy  
Does the winged life destroy;  
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies  
Lives in Eternity's rapture.*

—WILLIAM JOHNSON

# IT'S JUST ONE MAN'S FAMILY



MARA WITH FAMILY JEWELS: Kyle Rote in salad days, Coach Alex Webster in savior times.



Wellington Mara is moving his beloved—if baffling—Giants to New Jersey, hoping others will love them, too **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

bleacher ticket line at the old Polo Grounds and said, "Take this, Father." It was a box-seat ticket right on the 50-yard line. There were three or four other men in the box, and Father Dudley kept up a running commentary on the performances of the players and the progress of the game. When one of the men allowed that Father Dudley certainly knew a lot about professional football, Father Dudley said, "I used to see the Frankford Yellow Jackets play when I lived in Philadelphia." It turned out that Father Dudley was sitting in the box of a very close friend of Tim Mara's, and from then on he never had to stand in the bleacher ticket line again.

Another priest, Father Kevin O'Brien, who was a professor of physics at Fordham, has always hung around the Giants, too. He became known as the defensive priest; Father Dudley was the offensive priest. Once at a dinner in Milwaukee the late Fred Miller, president of the Miller Brewing Co. and himself a Catholic, introduced Father Dudley as the offensive priest. Father Dudley drew a choke when he cautioned Miller on pronouncing the first syllable in offensive. "The word has two meanings," he said.

In the course of years, Father Dudley has become not only honorary chaplain to the Giants but to what Wellington Mara calls "the Giant Family." The Giant Family is all-embracing; it includes the players, coaches, the front office and the lucky offspring who get to serve as water boys or help the team as Giant Juniors. The Giant Family also includes all the loyal fans who are said to will their season tickets and who show up at Yankee Stadium on Sundays in camel-hair coats and parkas to scream, "DEE-fense, DEE-fense, DEE-fense!" As Mara, a father of 10, once told a friend, "Next to my own family, I do care most about the Giant Family."

In a way it is surprising that Hollywood never made a movie about the Giant Family, say *Mea of Mara*, with

Pat O'Brien and James Cagney as the priests, Charlton Heston as Alex Webster, Mickey Rooney as a Giant Junior and someone tall, trim, blond and shy, maybe Wayne Morris, as Wellington Mara. But count that as an opportunity lost. There is turmoil and uncertainty in the Giant Family now. A decade ago the Giants were at the top of the National Football League, and the Mass was in Latin. Nowadays nuns raid draft boards, the Giants are losers, and Mara himself, once revered as a genius at trades, is reviled both as a bungler who cannot recognize talent and as a greedy renegade who plans to move the team to New Jersey in 1975.

As the head of one of the last old-guard Irish family-owned teams in sports—a team that was treated kindly by the press even in the off-season—Mara has been hurt by the critics. "If I may use my Jesuit training in logic," he says, "they bother me emotionally but not intellectually." Still, to avoid emotional stress, Mara avoids his critics. He does not watch Howard Cosell, Dick Schaap or Jim Bouton on television, and he does not read the *New York Post*. Despite such precautions, his plans occasionally go awry when a well-meaning friend will call to say, "That was a terrible column about you today."

Only once has Mara ever replied to his critics in public. Last year at a welcome-home luncheon, a Giant Family gathering that Mara likened to Thanksgiving or Christmas, he answered Larry Merchant of the *Post* who, after attacking the shift to Jersey, had written about "The son of a bookmaker. . . . What else can you expect from an Irishman named Wellington?" In measured tones, Mara told the hushed members of the Giant Family, "I'll tell you exactly what you can expect from an Irishman named Wellington whose father was a bookmaker. You can expect that anything he says or writes may be repeated, aloud, in your own home, in front of your children. You can believe that he was taught

**F**ather Dudley said the 6:30 a.m. Mass and then looked in on the St. Francis of Assisi breadline on Manhattan's West 31st Street that has been running since 1929—the oldest breadline in the world, according to Father Dudley. Not scheduled to hear confessions that day, Father Dudley got into his car and drove to the Giant training camp in New Jersey. There he watched the workouts, checked on the progress of the rookies and talked with his friend, Wellington Mara, the president of the team.

Father Benedict Dudley has been a fixture around the Giants since 1932 when a man saw him standing in the



IN MONOGRAMMED SWEAT PANTS, MARA ATTENDS GIANT PRACTICES RELIGIOUSLY

to love and respect all mankind—but to fear no man. And you can believe that his two abiding ambitions are that he pass on to his family the true richness of the inheritance he received from his father, the bookmaker, the knowledge and love and fear of God, and second, that the Giants win the Super Bowl, for Alex and for you."

No one is more full of Giant love and tradition than Mara. Nostalgically, he can recall the Giants' first game against the Browns ("Steve Owen really invented the 4-3 defense that day") or the palmy days of the '30s when he roomed with Ward Cuff, a half back. The players all stayed at the Whitchell Hotel on upper Broadway, where Coach Owen had the penthouse, and would take afternoons off to golf. Instead of jet planes, there were trains then, with time to banter, play cards, get to know a man's character.

In the midst of last season Mara, occupied as he had been with the decision to move to Jersey, felt that he was not as close to the Giants as he would like to be. He called in Bob Lurtsema, a defensive end now with the Vikings and then the Giant player representative, and asked him to make a survey on what kind of rapport he had with the players and what they thought of the Giant Family image. Dutifully Lurtsema went to the players one by one and, as Lurtsema now recalls, he went to see Mara on a Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock. "He asked for an honest report, and I gave it to him with both barrels," Lurtsema says. "I told him, 'You have no rapport with the players, and the Giant Family image is not there. There is no question about it.'"

"He was crushed when I told him, I wasn't trying to hurt the guy, but to tell him the truth he asked for. He sat back, maybe asked me a couple of questions and then shook my hand and said, 'At least I know you gave me an honest answer.' At 4:30 I was on waivers."

Mara, who has come to feel that he's damned if he does and damned if he doesn't, says he did not know until after the meeting that the coaches had decided to release Lurtsema, and then he did not want to interfere.

Lurtsema, who is not particularly impressed with that argument, said recently that before he left the players were tense at practice because Mara was al-

PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]

ways around whispering to the coaches, and several of them were unable to get up for a game because Mara's youngsters invaded the locker room before the kickoff and played ticktacktoe on the blackboard. Mara regards both charges as silly.

Larusme was not the only unhappy Giant. Fred Dryer, the defensive end now with the Rams, says, "I had to get out of that place while I had my sanity." He found the organization slipshod, even down to the way the equipment manager dried wet shoes by putting them on top of a heater—"It looked like you were in Holland," he says—and feels that the Giants will never be a winner.

The criticism that stings Mara most is the suggestion that he step aside for a professional football man. "I think I am a professional football man," he says. "I've been in the game my whole life." Now a youthful-looking 56, Mara was nine years old when his father, Tim, bought the New York NFL franchise for \$500 and started the Giants. He remembers standing outside church after Mass with his father and a friend and his father saying, "Today's the day we see if professional football can go over in New York." Except for a couple of years when he was in the Navy and two games he had to watch on TV because of the press of business, Mara has seen every Giant game played since 1938.

Tim Mara was a colorful character who liked to say he had founded the Giants "on brute strength and ignorance—the players' strength and my ignorance." The son of an immigrant Irish widow on the Lower East Side, Tim left school at 13 to run bets for bookmakers. In time he began acting as a "beard," or betting agent, for Chicago O'Brien, an astute gambler who did not want his fellow plungers to know what he was doing. Tim prospered by betting his own money on O'Brien's selections and then went into bookmaking on his own, eventually setting up a stand at Belmont Park before the advent of mutual machines. Through a legal quirk, Wellington and his older brother Jack became the owners of the Giants while they were still youngsters. In 1928, Tim Mara got a bank loan for \$50,000 to assist Al Smith in the presidential campaign, with the understanding that the Democratic National Committee would repay the loan afterward. When the Democrats denied making any such agreement, the bank

sued Mara. He lost the case, but the bank was unable to collect because Tim had transferred all his holdings to relatives, with Jack as president and Wellington as secretary of the Giants.

Wellington attended Loyola, a Jesuit school at 83rd Street and Park Avenue, just across the street from the family apartment. At Loyola and later at Fordham he used to give away Giant tickets to classmates. Two of his Fordham classmates were Ray Walsh, now general manager of the Giants, and Vince Lombardi, then one of the football team's "Seven Blocks of Granite." Mara, who remembers Lombardi as "a very piercing and tenacious student" in philosophy class, became a great admirer of Lombardi some years later when the ex-Block was serving as an assistant coach on the Giants. In 1959 Mara let Green Bay sign Lombardi with the understanding the Giants could have him back when needed. The very next year the Giant coaching job became vacant, but Green Bay officials, much in the manner of the Democratic National Committee, did not recall any understanding, and Mara signed Allie Sherman instead.

When Mara was graduated from Fordham in 1937, his father wanted him to follow Jack to law school. "I had skipped the fifth grade," Mara says, "so I said to my father, 'Let me have this year with the team.'" His father agreed, and Mara never left the Giants except for service. "All the fellows were my age," says Mara of the 1937 Giants. "I was close to them, part of them. There was an entirely different atmosphere in pro football in those days."

Mara has been president of the team since Jack's death in 1965. No matter what title he has held, Mara has had the same approach to the Giants, concentrating on the players and leaving business details to others. He gets up at six at his Westchester home, attends Mass and receives Communion and drives to the city with Walsh, who lives nearby. In the off-season, he puts in a full day at the Giants' office on Columbus Circle, breaking it with a noon-time workout at the New York Athletic Club and then a light lunch back at the office. Four times a year he lunches with Jimmy Dolan, a retired radio executive who used to have lunch with Jack. "Since Jack died, we keep it up," Mara says. "A spring, summer, winter and fall luncheon." There are times when

Mara thinks he might get a better press if he were more of a man-about-town.

During the season Mara dons a sweat suit and runs while the Giants practice. On game days he sits in a small booth that hangs from beneath the upper stand on the 50-yard line. There are usually a couple of assistant coaches with him, and Mara shows them the Polaroid pictures he takes of the opposing team's formations. If a picture shows anything of significance, Mara stuffs it into an old sweat sock weighted with football cleats and flings it to the bench below. "The spirit of modern times!" exclaims Mara, thinking about his supply of sweat socks and cleats. "We could have put in a wire, but then that gets complicated. Actually, I just sit up there to stay out of trouble."

A homebody, Mara spends evenings with his wife Ann and their six girls and four boys. Often in the winter he will take some of the youngsters to Madison Square Garden for Knick games. Occasionally Mara and his wife go into the city for the theater. They like musical comedies. Before her marriage, Mrs. Mara worked for the Jesuit Missions. She and her husband met one day at Mass at St. Ignace Loyola when they went to help an elderly lady who had fainted. Ann Mara, a very attractive, vivacious blonde, says, "It was a sporting courtship. While all my friends were at the Stock Club, I was at the Fordham gym." Although she more than shares her husband's distaste for his critics—"All I need is them burning football helmets on the lawn," she says—she was amused by one story about her husband that said he hung out at P.J. Clarke's, St. Patrick's Cathedral and the New York A.C. Mara himself laughs about that. "I've been to Clark's maybe four times in my life," he says of the restaurant hangout of New York's blasé sporting crowd, "which is more times than I've been to St. Patrick's."

Aside from football people, most of Mara's friends are physicians. Until they moved recently to a larger house, the Maras lived in suburban White Plains, up the street from Archbishop Stepinac High School. "When the school was built, a lot of Catholic doctors with large families moved there," Mara says. The doctors are staunch Giant fans, and they take up 30 seats in Section Two of the stadium mezzanine. When a woman once chided Mrs. Mara for attending a Gi-

*continued*

A man in a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, wearing glasses, is walking through a crowd of people. He is carrying a large, white, rectangular sign that is tilted slightly. The sign has text on it. The background is a blurred crowd of people, suggesting a busy, crowded environment.

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ant game in the late stages of pregnancy, she said, "I'm better off in the stadium. We have everything right there: an obstetrician, a pediatrician, a dentist, an internist, a heart surgeon, a chief of surgery and an anesthetist." Mara adds, "In case they fail, there are always a couple of priests around."

In point of fact, 30 seats in Section 36 in the upper stands is known as "Jesus Row." Mara sends tickets for every game to the rector at St. Ignatius and to friends at Fordham. His clerical beneficiaries are of the old school adhering to black suits and roman collars.

The changing times and low estate of the Giants are very much on Mara's mind. Not given to chitchat, he can talk at length on the decline of the Giants and what he thinks are the reasons for it. "Through 1956 to 1963, we won the Eastern championship six times: '56, '58, '59, '61, '62 and '63," he says. "Six out of eight years, and in 1957 and 1960 we were the team to beat. We did this basically with the same team—Conerly, Rote, Huff, Gifford. They perpetuated themselves; they never wanted to come out of a game, and we almost never developed a younger player. Every game was important to us, and our great tendency was to use what I call the patch-up system: you trade for a Tittle, a Stofner. I remember about 1962 I talked to Tex Schramm in Dallas about a trade, and I said, 'Tex, when we go, we'll go with a bang.' But I thought it was worth trying to stay on top rather than to provide for the future five years ahead, and so we would trade a first draft choice for a player who would give us two years."

"After the 1963 season—and that defeat in the playoff was a sore blow to Al Sherman—Al felt that we would not win with what we had and now was the time to replace some of the cogs he thought were wearing out. We traded Huff and Modzeleski. I don't think anyone on the staff fully comprehended the emotional *esprit de corps* those two players had for the Giants, particularly on the defensive unit. I make one exception, Jim Lee Howell. He had tears in his eyes the day we traded Mo. We traded Mo because we thought his best days were behind him, but he was the moor who held the bricks together. He was a highly intelligent, very sensitive guy who disguised it all purposely to play the buffoon. He could break the tension at a time when the players would

be down. He'd come up with a gimmick, usually himself as the butt. A lot of people can laugh at other people, but someone who can laugh at himself is very valuable.

"So Mo, the moor, was gone. Sam Huff was a controversial figure. Sam wanted to win, and he didn't care who he had to kick to do it. He wasn't as popular with his teammates, but he was just as valuable a part. Looking back, I didn't realize the emotional impact that Huff had. Not that the players were devoted to him, but they *believed* in him. He maybe symbolized the belief they had in themselves that they were the best.

"The trades shook the players' belief in themselves and their chances for the future, and we began to play badly. Then we made another mistake: we did not discard the patch theory. We stayed with it until, well, Webster took over. I think this was a case of where competitiveness was carried to an extreme that made it a vice. The idea was, gee, this defensive end has never played pro ball, they'll go right through him, so let's trade a draft choice for that old vet. Sherman was willing to stake his career on going for the whole thing. Some people have said that Al 'destroyed' the Giants because he was a little man with a Napoleonic complex who was jealous of the old players. That's not true. Al's thing was for the Giants to be No. 1, and for my part I didn't want to have a loser while the Jets had a winner."

After five exhibition defeats in 1969, Mara fired Sherman and appointed Webster head coach. In 1970 the Giants finished with an astonishing 9-5 record, then slumped to 4-10 last year. In part, Mara blames 1971 on Webster for running a poor training camp and on himself for not seeing that all players were signed when training began. Then again, he blames himself for a preseason harrangue he gave to the Giants. "I usually don't talk to the players," he says. "That's not my place, but I wanted to shock them. I told them they had gotten terribly selfish. It came too late and was probably better left unsaid. You should never talk to individuals like that without building them up afterward, but I just got so mad and carried away that I left them on the downgrade."

With stoic resolve, Mara is also determined never again to impose his personal tastes on the players. This is especially difficult for him, too, for long

*continued*

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When Astronauts Shepard and Ruston returned from their historic Apollo-14 flight, they were in clean shaven as when they left 9 days earlier. [Mitchell decided to grow a beard.] The reason? The Wind-Up Monocle shaver, selected by NASA to keep them comfortable and clean shaven on their long journey.

● The first secret of the Monocle's marvelous performance lies in its shaving head. Three continuously self-sharpening blades revolve at such a fast clip that they actually give 72,000 cutting strokes per minute. And the guard is so unobtrusively thin (5/100 of a millimeter) that it's like the thickness of a cigarette paper, that pressure is unnecessary. Just touch the shaver to your face and guide it in circular motions for the smoothest shave ever.

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## the shaver that went to the Moon

ear, from nose to neck, and materials full speed to the end—long enough to do the complete job. We could go on about the virtues of the Monocle, but (as with so many things) you have to try it to really believe it. ● Send for your Monocle today in full confidence. Put it to the test for two weeks. You'll be delighted with the comfort, speed and convenience—and the independence it will give you from water, soap, batteries, electricity, electric pencil and all other paraphernalia of conventional shaving. ● If you decide the Monocle isn't the best shaver ever, send it back to us for prompt refund. If the Monocle saved the Apollo-14 astronauts so well, think what it can do for you under much less trying conditions. Once you've tried it you'll never let it go.

Please send me:

- ☐ Monocle Shaver (Standard Model) \$25.95  
☐ Monocle Deluxe Model-Antique \$35.95  
☐ Special Trimming Head (optional) \$4.95

My check, plus \$2.50 for post & ins. is enclosed. (Call for add'l tax.) Guaranteed 1 year.

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SHR5

## FAMILY AFFAIR

hair grates on him emotionally. "I'm reluctant to accept it," he says, "but I know that's the way it is now, baby. As Cicero said, 'De gratibus non est disputandum.'"

Realistically, Mara thinks it will take the Giants a couple of years to become togetherness again but he has faith that the Giants can make it, just at the time they move into their new stadium in the Hackensack Meadows of New Jersey. The stadium is part of a 750-acre sports complex that is supposed to include a race-track, an indoor arena for hockey, basketball and conventions, and a huge hotel. The Giants get the 75,000-seat stadium on very generous terms. They get free office space, free watchmen, free maintenance staff, free cops, free score-board crew, free insurance, free water, free heating, free electricity, free sewage and waste disposal and free transportation for all fans who have to park more than a quarter of a mile away. The Giants only pay for the P.A. announcer and their phone calls. The Giants also get 25% of parking fees, 400 free parking spaces, 50% of concessions, all advertising in programs and souvenir books, about 75% of the gross ticket revenues, all membership fees in the stadium club, all radio and TV revenue and up to 2,700 free tickets per game.

Mara is perhaps overoptimistic about moving into the Jersey pot of gold by 1975. Taxpayer and environmental organizations are contesting construction of the sports complex in the swamps, and as one environmentalist puts it, "Even if we lose, we could hold the Giants up for nine years."

With his faith in the goodness and the rightness of the Giant Family cause, Mara ignores such gloomy predictions. The great majority of the fans is behind the team, he says, after sheathing through his mail. Naturally, now and then, there are hostile letters, but Mara handles them with an innate grace. Not long ago, for instance, an 11-year-old girl wrote calling Mara a mean old man for trading Fran Tarkenton to the Vikings. Mara replied, giving his reasons for the trade and noting that although he had been called mean before, no one had ever called him an old man.

Several days later, Mara is pleased to report, the girl wrote back to apologize. My father says, she wrote, that anyone who would answer her letter was certainly not mean.

END

# Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.

America knows what it likes. People's tastes are different across the country, but all America likes 7 Crown. Its unique smoothness and lightness mean the same thing to everyone. That's why more Americans enjoy 7 Crown's light taste than the leading Scotch and Canadian combined. From coast to coast, 7 Crown is America's favorite.

Thank you, America, for making our whiskey your whiskey.



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# Introducing Laguna. The



Laguna Colonade Hardtop Coupe at Stockbridge, Mass., home of the Norman Rockwell exhibit.

Good news, Chevelle people.

Now you can move up to more car without leaving the make you love most.

Laguna is a new kind of Chevelle, the top of the line. It has a special front, rear, and inside.

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Around back, Laguna has among other things a special bumper that matches the color of the car.

Inside: special fabrics, special steering wheel, wood-grain accents, map pockets.

Laguna, like other '73 Chevells, has new front disc brakes, double-panel roof, flow-through power venti-



# new top-of-the-line Chevelle.



lation. More glass area for improved visibility. And more back seat leg room.

Swing-out front bucket seats and a power-operated moonroof can be added.

You're going to like the Chevelle Laguna. You're going to like it a lot.

**Chevrolet**

**1973 Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.**

# American comfort, European



Monte Carlo S Coupe at Sleeping Bear Bay, Glen Haven, Michigan.

Monte Carlo has always been a car unlike any other.

Yet, our '73 Monte Carlo S is even more unique. Its elegance, silence, comfort and handling make the best of two worlds.

Chassis, frame, and suspension geometry were extensively modified and redesigned to achieve special handling characteristics like those found in

the great road cars of Europe.

Coach windows, molded full foam seats, rich upholstery and a classic instrument panel reflect Monte Carlo's individuality.

The new flow-through power ventilation system and double-panel roof add to its quietness.

Power front disc brakes, power steering and a big V8 are standard of course.

# handling. They meet in Monte Carlo.



A power-operated sky roof and swing-out front bucket seats can be added.

We think you'll find Monte Carlo S one of the most superb road cars you've ever driven.

A personal luxury car unto itself. Unlike any other.



**1973 Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.**

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A WORD  
FROM OUR  
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So, think of BankAmericard as money. Money that's easier for you to handle



Think of it as money.®



**Frank Shorter**, the first American marathoner to win a gold medal in 64 years, has seen more serious problems than anything he met at Munich—like nearly getting murdered every time he ran. That, it has emerged, was when he did his training around Taos, N. Mex. One day after having already run 12 miles, Shorter met a carful of youths trying to pick up two protesting girls. A fight ensued, a knife was pulled, and while the girls escaped in one direction, Shorter led a chase around the sage in another, outrunning the gang. After that, he was a marked man. "There were very definite attempts to commit vehicular homicide," his father, Dr. Samuel Shorter, says. "Cars made U-turns when they didn't hit him the first time." Frank finally gave up and moved to Florida. Asked if he thought Shorter might be bitter, Mayor Phillip Canis Jr. of Taos said, "I don't think he should be. People are people. You can't change them."

**Rick Barry** is an athlete who lives by the sword and, alas, dies by it. "The officials," the New York *Nieman* San Francisco Warrior said, "made **Elgin Baylor** an All-Pro, letting him take that one extra step during his career. He must have walked 15 times a game. **Charlie Scott** [late of the *Virginian Squires*] did so well so soon that he has a swelled head now. He'll have to change to be successful with Phoenix." So what about Barry? "Rick's a hypochondriac," says his wife Pam. "He feels a twinge of pain and dies. He's accident prone—a lutemox. Whenever I ask him to do something, he hurts himself. When he barbecues, he burns himself. He twists a light bulb and breaks it."

**Buddy Boggs'** mother is able to breathe easily when the Baltimore welterweight steps into a ring. It is an island of safety in a

dangerous world. As a boy in Baltimore, Boggs swapped his mother's prize poodle for a timber wolf that had a nasty habit of chewing up all the dogs in the neighborhood. As a teen-ager, he leaped from a burning house after attempting to rescue his father and brother. And this summer, working as an iron worker on the 25th floor of a new building, he plummeted in a basket 20 floors before someone threw a bar into the gears. For recreation, one could almost guess, Boggs hunts alligators. "I was on one hunt where we captured an alligator bigger than the boat," he says. "I got the job of sitting on his back and riding him so he wouldn't sweat anyone with his tail. But we decided he was too big and tossed him back."

★ As much as he may dislike creeping inflation, **H. L. Hunt** believes wholeheartedly in creeping yoga. Here he is not looking for a dropped dime but demonstrating the exercise he performs several times a day. The Texas billionaire also takes yoga lessons twice each week and eats primarily organically grown health foods.

Would **Mark Spitz'** mother be embarrassed to see him as a *navel* across two pages of *Cosmopolitan* magazine? "Well, I wouldn't want my daughter to pose for *Playboy*," Mrs. Spitz said, then grinned and added, "but my son—well, I don't know. . . ."

**Klaus Knapner**, a Social Democrat deputy in Germany's Schleswig-Holstein state parliament, is demanding that license plates be required either for amateur horseback riders or their mounts. The idea is to identify the equestrians who have been badgering pedestrians in public forests. Knapner did not specify where he would attach a license plate to a horse.



Every morning in Elm Grove, Wis. **Duke Larson** would go out on his porch and imitate the mating call of a cardinal. After a few days he began getting an answer. When the romance became really hot, Larson just had to tell somebody. Too bad his teen neighbor **Carl Stoddard** had been having startling success with his own bird call.

An estate worth \$14 million is going to the dogs. Eighty-one of them at last count. **Eleanor Ritchey**, heir to the Quaker State oil fortune, left her estate \$4.5 million to 150 stray pooches. After four years of litigation by relatives, 69 of the dogs have died, and the money—through remarkable investment—has more than tripled. Now a court has decided the dogs deserve the dough, and they are living in an antiseptic clinic on a 180-acre ranch near Deerfield Beach, Fla. Their one hardship is segregation by sex. There will be no accidental offspring carrying this business on indefinitely.

★ An Indianapolis bank is peddling credit cards with a TV commercial light-years ahead of **Joe Namath's** "Woof." The floosier hustle starts, "I'm **Fran Tarkenton** of the Minnesota Vikings, and this thing next to me is **Dick Butkus** of the Chicago Bears.

We're both wearing the knit shirts that NFL teams wear. Now you can have one of these shirts embroidered with the helmet of your favorite team. . . ." Whereupon Butkus chimes in with, "It's as simple as that. Get a Merchants Master Charge card." Then, grabbing a huge fistful of Tarkenton's shirt front, he concludes, ". . . and we'll give you the shirt off our quarterback."

The bank got 5,000 applications the first six days, which is fine by Tarkenton just as long as Butkus knows the shirt nonsense stops in the studio.



## The magic dragon is joust about the best

Before pro football begins envying its college neighbor, before the Heisman Trophy balloting begins, before the All-America teams are named, before the White House calls, let's make one thing perfectly clear: Gary Huff, the Magic Dragon, does not smoke or drink, nor does he put young damsels or fair maidens into distress. No, Gary Huff will never be another Joe Namath.

And yet Huff, presently issuing fire and brimstone as a senior quarterback at Florida State University, aspires to be even better than Joe. As he puts it: "I want to play pro ball and be the best quarterback there. If it means making All-Pro, that's what I want to do." Sound cocky? Not to anyone who saw him against Miami in the Orange Bowl last Saturday night. Huff passed for four touchdowns and 329 yards and set up another score with a bulrush run that had Florida State Coach Larry Jones crossing his toes in anxiety. Before leaving the game with a 30-point lead early

**The passing of Florida State's Gary Huff is hot enough to have the pro scouts breathing fire**

in the fourth quarter, Huff completed 22 of 34 passes and outanalyzed his press box spotters as well as the thoroughly befuddled opposition, frequently changing the prescribed calls either in the huddle or at the line of scrimmage. The unformed, wandering by chance into the Orange Bowl, could be excused for assuming the pro season had started a day early.

Although better than some, it was a performance not far from typical for Huff. He led the nation in total offense last season, but quarterbacks such as Pat Sullivan, Jerry Tagge and Jack Milden played for better teams and received far more recognition. (This year FSU has switched its home games from nights to the afternoons, hoping to get Huff's exploits into the Sunday papers.)

Only twice in a regular's role has he failed to complete more than half of his passes in a game, once when he was weakened by a week-long attack of influenza. In his first cameo appearance as a sophomore he came off the bench and threw three touchdown passes—in the fourth quarter. That motivated an alumnus to compose a whimsical poem about "Huff, the Magic Dragon."

Florida State football has a vein of passing that runs deep in its history. Beginning in 1962 with Quarterback Steve Tensi and Receiver Fred Bidelnickoff, the Seminoles have produced a series of fine throwers and receivers. For the last five years FSU's passing attack has led the nation—by 29 yards a game over second-place Stanford. It was this environment that attracted Gary Huff when he graduated from a Tampa high school. It also attracted many others. When Huff first arrived in Tallahassee the Seminoles had 12 quarterbacks (nickname: "the dirty dozen") on the freshman team, and Gary spent most of his time serving as a "dummy" for the varsity. From just another dummy among a dozen, he has progressed to being a candidate for the honor of top college quarterback in the country.

Off the field, Gary Huff hardly resembles a dragon, magic or otherwise. He is the atypical youth, a model for the slogans of another time. People refer to him as the dedicated, hardworking, clean-cut, all-American type of individual, just the type we like to have on our football team. "He's always getting his hair cut," laughs Barry Smith, the leading receiver on the team.

Huff began dating his fiancée, Susan Atteberry, while they were in high school back in Tampa. Sigh. Recently she took a sample of his handwriting to be analyzed, and the results agreed with the consensus: he is the honest, open, forthright person that his prominent jaw and clear eyes suggest.

Pro scouts at FSU practices are accustomed to being accosted by an earnest Huff wanting a frank comparison

THE BALL OFF AS QUICKLY AS ALWAYS, HUFF WORKS HIS WONDERS AGAINST MIAMI



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The next sound you hear  
will be the competition gnashing its teeth.



We don't blame them. They don't have a Wizard.

The Wizard of Avis is the most sophisticated computer in the travel world, bar none.

For example, suppose you've made a reservation. When you come in for your car, The Wizard remembers you and can print up your rental form with lightning speed and impeccable accuracy.

And if you're in the Golden File—The Wizard's permanent file—things go even faster. Your rental form can already be printed up and waiting for you when you get to the counter to pick up the car you reserved.

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You'll find The Wizard of Avis at many Avis counters right now. Soon it will be everywhere.

And what will the competition do, after it's finished gnashing its teeth? We're not too worried.

You see, when it comes to The Wizard, there is no competition.

**Avis. We try harder.**  
And the harder we try, the easier it gets.

between his ability and that of players already calling signals in the NFL. He would seem ideally suited for such a job. He can throw the ball 50 yards while down on one knee, and 80 yards when more conventionally positioned.

"Gary can use pass patterns that some pros can't," says Coach Jones. He sets up quickly in the pocket, a trait he developed out of desperation when he played behind a high school line that averaged 155 pounds. With the adroit setup, he welcomes the blitz because his straight overhead spirals usually are on their way well before the linebackers get close. In addition he is adept at recognizing and solving defenses, the result of hours spent scanning films. "He can definitely play pro ball," says Steve Sloan, the offensive coordinator at FSU last season before moving to Georgia Tech. Sloan played two years of pro quarterback after a college career at Alabama and once, in a burst of enthusiasm, confided to Huff that he had a better arm than Namath.

Finally, Huff is respected as well as liked by his teammates. Usually you have only to look as far as a star's back-up to find a dissident voice, but Mike Cadwell, Huff's replacement, went so far as to make a television commercial parodying his dilemma. Cadwell was shown patting a bench and saying, "I've got my seat for the season, how about you?"

Those searching for at least one negative Huff component can point to his height: he is only 6'1". "At first I thought I might be too short—then I met Johnny Unitas," says Huff.

In the Miami game the Magic Orapog started off poorly, throwing an interception that spotted the Hurricanes a quick 7-0 lead. Miami was in a combination man-for-man zone defense, another in the series of arcane, deceptive barriers opposition coaches devise for Huff. "People throw a lot of crazy defenses at us and try to confuse him," Coach Jones had said earlier in the week. "Until Gary gets adjusted to them, it throws him off."

He did not take long to adjust. The Hurricanes' defense forced a linebacker to cover Tight End Gary Parris, and Parris slipped into the seam of a zone to catch seven passes in the first half as Florida State took a 17-7 lead.

Sloan maintains that one of Huff's strengths lies in his concentration, which allows him to ignore charging linemen

as well as the score. He recalls how last year South Carolina jumped off to a 10-0 lead against FSU. Huff eventually threw five touchdown passes in that game and State won 49-18.

In the second half Saturday night Miami tried a more conventional defense, but it was to little avail. With the lead, Huff could afford to be discriminate, so he threw only seven second-half passes and completed all of them. "It feels good, it feels good," he exulted on the bench after one touchdown pass.

"It's the pressure that's on you as quarterback that I like," Huff had said earlier. "When you win in football it's such a great, great feeling. You work all week for it." Actually all year. Huff spent last summer in Tallahassee throwing passes to Parris and Smith.

In the dressing room after State's 37-14 victory, a scout from the Houston Oilers stopped by to congratulate Huff on solving Miami's pass defense. "Using your tight end was exactly the right way to beat it," he said. Gary Huff appreciated that.

## THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

### SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (0-0)
2. ARKANSAS (0-1)
3. RICE (1-0)

A 46-yard touchdown pass play from Houston Quarterback D. C. Nobles to Split End Marshall Johnson appeared to give the Cougars a one-point margin over Arizona State with less than four minutes to go in a nationally televised game in the Astrodome. But because of an unnecessary block made when Johnson was already in the clear, the TO was X-ed out, and Arizona State went on to win 33-28. "This was like a bowl game to us," said ASU Coach Frank Kush. "It's hard to attract attention way out in Arizona." His Woody Green was the biggest hint before the ABC cameras, gaining 195 yards.

Texas, Arkansas and Rice had the Saturday off while Texas Tech was unveiling a promising tailback in Lubbock. George Smith, a transfer from East Los Angeles JC, entered the game against Utah after a

scoreless first quarter and started gobbling up huge chunks of yardage, most of it on end runs. He sparked the Red Raiders to a 17-0 halftime lead and an easy 45-2 victory. Tech had 615 yards total offense, with speedster Smith averaging close to 14 yards a carry.

### MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (1-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (1-0)
3. COLORADO (2-0)

Bowling Green was about to meet its first-ever Big Ten opponent when a spokesman for the Ohio school went on television and warned, "It's the 10th anniversary of Miami of Ohio's victory over Purdue. Maybe we can make history repeat itself." The Falcons did just that, polishing the image of the Mid-American conference by edging the Boilermakers 17-14. The winning fourth-quarter field goal was kicked by a freshman walk-on, Don Taylor, who had joined the team earlier in the week. It was BG's biggest triumph since, well, since one of its athletes, Dave Wottle, won the 800 meters at Munich two weeks before. Purdue had posted a 9-1 record against MAC teams prior to Saturday, but Bowling Green Coach Don Nicholson did not like the sound of the word "upset" because, "our kids came into this game believing they could win." Nobody else had.

Purdue got strong running from Otis Armstrong, but its new Wishbone attack was spoiled by butterfingers and hard Falcon tackling that caused six fumbles, five of which Bowling Green fell on.

Woody Hayes' 22nd Ohio State team looked much like all the others in a solid, dull 21-0 manhandling of Iowa before 77,898 fans in Columbus. The battering-ram fullbacks this year are 6' 4", 224-pound Harold (Champ) Heeson, a mere sophomore, and a quick-hitting junior, Randy Keith. Duff stuff to some, maybe, but not to Woody. He enjoyed himself thoroughly. "About the only thing I have learned is that you better not forget to rim your fullback," he said. "When you go hunting and pecking with others, you don't get much done." Iowa couldn't get much done, mainly because it kept running into 258-pound Defensive Tackle George Hansen. Raved Iowa Quarterback Kyle Skogman, "I never saw such a quick man for his size."

Nebaska Quarterback Dave Hume furged about his shaky losing performance the previous week against UCLA and led the Cornhuskers to an easy 37-7 win over Texas A&M before the home folks in Lincoln. A&M, using a Wishbone similar to

continued



Zack and Karen Taylor, whose hobby is home movies, help put Montego's ride in a rugged test. First a movie camera is mounted on the axle.



Then Karen drives the Montego through scenic California horse breeding country, while Zack shoots from inside the car.



At 15 to 20 mph, it's easy to see the wheel camera is getting a blurry ride. The pictures it takes show how rough that road really is.



But Zack, shooting at the same time, is getting sharp, steady pictures that show how smoothly this personal size Mercury rides.



This actual demonstration, filmed for television, was conducted under the supervision of the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute.

**We filmed wild horses from a moving Mercury Montego to demonstrate our personal size car has the ride of a big car.**



Montego is about a foot trimmer than most big cars. Yet this personal size Mercury has a smooth, steady ride that rivals the best of them.

That's because Montego is built to Lincoln-Mercury's high standards. On an extra-wide track. And the same type high stability suspension system used in our most expensive luxury cars.

The vinyl roof, white sidewall tires and luxury wheelcovers shown are optional. Subject to federal emissions certification, this Montego MX Brougham will be available for a test ride at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer. Bring your own camera.

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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





# Is this your last summer for a summer job?

Summer jobs between high school years are good-time jobs. A little work, a lot of laughs, and a few extra bucks when you head back to school in September.

But the summer job after graduation is your last summer job. And if you're not going on to college this fall, consider a job in today's Army.

A job that teaches you a skill and pays you as you learn. You start at \$288 a month. With free meals, housing, medical and dental care, and 30 days paid vacation each year.

It's a job that lets you live away from home and afford it. Not only in the States, but in places like Europe, Hawaii, Panama, and Alaska.

Finally, if after your 3-year enlistment you're interested in college, there's 36 months of financial assistance at the college of your choice.

If you'd like to know more about this unique combination of job-training, pay and benefits, see your Army Representative. Or send us the coupon.

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UCLA's, moved to the Nebraska five in the second period, but the defense held. Then Hummel led his men 95 yards to a touchdown. "That drive gave the offense confidence," he said. "We let the defense know that if they got the ball for us, we could move it."

The record crowd of 76,042 in Lincoln was made possible by the fourth stadium expansion since Coach Bob Odeyney arrived 10 years ago. But it was not a totally happy day for Nebraskans. All-America Johnny Rodgers' "nervous stomach" was found to be caused by a bleeding ulcer.

Chris Gartner, a nearsighted pre-dental major from Sweden, kicked field goals from 42 and 45 yards out and made himself one of the heroes in Indiana's 27-23 victory over Minnesota. Senior Quarterback Ted McNulty passed for almost 200 yards and Ken Starling ran for 130, but Gartner's foot was the most important Hoosier weapon. Five of his six soccer-style kickoffs went out of the end zone, preventing the Gophers from even trying runbacks.

Michigan had more trouble than expected in a 7-0 win over Northwestern before 71,757 fans in Ann Arbor. New Wolverine Quarterback Dennis Franklin did well, but Coach Bo Schemmbecher was most pleased about his defense. "I don't care what the score is as long as we win," he said. Illinois was forced into a running game because of Quarterback Mike Wells' injured finger, and Michigan State beat the Illini 24-0. The Spartan defense scored two touchdowns and set up a third.

While Colorado was blitzing Cincinnati 56-14, Oklahoma was having a grand time in Norman, crushing Utah State 49-0. The Sooners played 63 men, and two freshmen, Quarterback Kerry Jackson from Galveston, Texas, and Halfback Joe Washington, were the leading ground-gainers. What happened to All-America Greg Pruitt? Dh, he got his licks in, too: 80 yards in 15 carries and three short-yardage touchdowns. "Oklahoma has so many people out there they trip over each other," marveled State Coach Chuck Mills. Iowa State shut out Colorado State 41-0. The Rams have failed to score a point in eight quarters.

## SOUTH

1. LSU (1-0)
2. ALABAMA (1-0)
3. GEORGIA (1-0)

Georgia was a 28-point favorite over visiting Baylor (1-0 last year) and, as usual, reporters and fans were ignoring Coach Vince Dooley's gloomy forebodings. This time, however, he was right. Baylor, under

new Coach Grant Teaff, who conducts morning devotionals for his team, gave the Bulldogs a good scare before losing 24-14. Punter Don Golden probably saved Georgia by averaging 46 yards on seven kicks, rolling one out on the Baylor one and another on the two-yard line. "He's the guy who killed us," said Teaff. A 55-yard scoring pass from James Ray to Rex Putnam helped, too. "We're not as good as everybody thinks we are," said professional pessimist Dooley. "We just can't replace people we lost. We don't have the big playmakers." Dooley lingered to talk to the press after the game, and the team bus left without him. "I guess I deserve to walk," he said, "but I didn't know we looked that bad."

At Grant Field in Atlanta, a sophomore defensive back named Randy Rhimo, who by all logic should be a charging fullback, led Georgia Tech to a 34-6 trampling of South Carolina. He gave Tech a 10-0 halftime lead by returning a punt 95 yards for a touchdown and he returned another 41 yards to set up Tech's third TD.

Pacific played before the biggest crowd in its football history, 66,574 at Balboa Rouge, and shocked LSU with a first-minute touchdown (recovering a blocked kick in the end zone). Not only that, the West-erners, led by freshman Quarterback Bruce Koppinger, outgained LSU on the ground 167 yards to 91. Still, the host Tigers won 31-13 as the smallest player on the field, Split End Jimmy LeGoux (5' 7", 171 pounds), scored three touchdowns. LSU Quarterback Bert Jones hit nine of 17 passes, including two to his kid brother Ben, a sophomore.

Memphis State jumped off to a 10-0 lead in the first quarter and showed a strong offense throughout, but could not hold up its defense in a 34-29 loss to Mississippi. Rebel Quarterback Norris Weese ran for two touchdowns and passed for three. Kentucky beat Villanova 25-7 and Virginia downed Virginia Tech 24-20.

In Raleigh Dave Buckley, a skinny freshman quarterback from Akron, Ohio, led North Carolina State to an upset 43-20 win over Syracuse. At 6 feet, 155 pounds, Buckley needed lots of protection from charging linemen, and he got it. He masterminded four Wolfpack scoring drives and set up one of the touchdowns with a dazzling 57-yard run.

Defending ACC champion North Carolina won its 10th straight league game, but it was not easy. Maryland was threatening at the end, then blew its chances by fumbling in Tar Heel territory with 35 seconds to go. Carolina Quarterback Nick Vidovic passed for one touchdown and ran five yards for another to help give his side a 17-3 halftime lead. But Maryland tied it at 17-17 and kept the pressure on until the fumble insured a 31-26 Carolina win.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (0-1)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (2-0)
3. NAVY (1-0)

UCLA first got its hands on the football at its own one-yard line, then gave Pitt a taste of things to come by marching 99 yards to a touchdown. The Bruins, especially Halfback Kermit Johnson, ran through and around the slower Panthers for 405 yards and a 38-28 victory. The Wishbone ground attack was working so well that Quarterback Mark Harmon passed only seven times. Pitt trailed 24-0 at halftime, but Quarterback John Hogan threw three TD passes in the second half to make the final score respectable.

Gary Marangi, the highly touted Boston College quarterback, was a disappointment in his debut, throwing an interception and fumbling twice in the Eagles' 10-0 loss to Tulane. One of his fumbles led to a Tulane field goal. The winners claimed Marangi was tipping off his plays, but BC Coach Joe Yuskica blamed the loss on failure to move the ball in third-down situations. "I don't know what the percentage was, but it was terrible," he said.

West Virginia and Navy won, preventing President Nixon from declaring the East a football disaster area. The Mountaineers, entertaining Richmond in Morgantown, unleashed Kerry Marbury for 175 yards and two touchdowns (one a 51-yarder) and beat the Spiders 28-7. Navy put on a late 81-yard drive, capped by Quarterback Fred Sowell's two-yard TD sprint with 34 seconds left, to edge William & Mary 13-9.

Fullback Joe Wilson and solid blocking helped Holy Cross launch its season on a high, happy note—a 24-14 victory over Rutgers. Wilson scored all three of the Crusader touchdowns and set three school records: most carries in a game, 34; most yards in a game, 274; and most career yardage, 1,799. The career record had stood since 1945. Wilson is a senior from Roxbury who scored nine touchdowns last season, when Holy Cross had a 4-6 record.

## WEST

1. USC (2-0)
2. ARIZONA STATE (1-0)
3. UCLA (2-0)

USC used all 50 of its players in a 51-6 mauling of Oregon State. Tailback Rod McNeill could not practice all week, and still made 111 yards and three touchdowns.

*continued*

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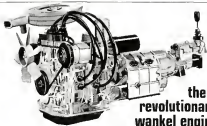
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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

Quarterbacks Mike Ruc and Pat Haden were both impressive. Linebacker Richard Wood had seven unassisted tackles and the most tired man in the Coliseum was the scoreboard operator. Asked to compare this USC team with the national champion Trojans of 1967, Oregon State Coach Doc Andres said, "They're much quicker, have much greater overall size and their quickness just stuns you. They are a bunch of great athletes with one overpowering factor: their aggressiveness on both offense and defense."

Quarterback Sonny Sockiller returned to the Washington lineup after an ankle injury had caused him to miss the opener, yet the Huskies still looked only so-so in a 14-6 win over Duke. Sockiller completed nine of 19 passes for 140 yards, including a 45-yarder to Split End Tom Scott, but the running attack was again unimpressive and the Huskies crossed midfield only once in the scoreless first half. Weak tea for Seattle fans.

It sounded like the familiar sad song in Berkeley. Cal was behind 17-0 to Washington State and Quarterback Steve Burrows had been injured. Time to pick up the new blue shoes and white shoes (the latter for backs and receivers) and call it a season. But wait. Sub signal-caller Jay Cruise hit Fred Leathers on a 42-yard TD play. A WSU fumble set up a 33-yard Cal touchdown march. Leathers scored on a fake reverse, going 41 yards, and so on. The Bears came back to win 37-23. "It was the most discouraging game I've ever been in," said

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE LINEMAN:** Ohio State Tackle George Hosenor, who made eight unassisted tackles against Iowa (three for losses) and four assists. The Buckeye defensive captain helped cause two interceptions and several wild pitches.

**THE BACK:** Florida State Quarterback Gary Huff, who hit 22 of 34 passes for four TDs against Miami, giving him six scoring tosses for the season. His long passer Saturday went 43 yards to his favorite target, Barry Smith.

**WSU Linbacker Tom Poc.** "We had it, and then all the big plays and breaks went to them."

Stanford got revenge for its upset loss last season, whipping neighbor San Jose State 44-0. Arizona Quarterback Jerry Davis had his team ahead of Oregon 7-0 when he had to leave because of a bruised back and Oregon came back to win 34-7 behind its own passer, Dan Fouts. Air Force waltzed over Wyoming 45-14, the most lopsided victory in the 15-year series between the schools.

END



# Generation gap? **JIM BEAM** never heard of it.



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## Fast, slow, kerplunk

The pitchers were as gods. They played a two-man, 100-mph game, pitcher-catcher, the swift and the brave. A batter stood by, but at times it was just a formality. A swing was an act of self-defense. A bunt single was a rally, a two-run lead a game in the win column, easily.

It was a big fat moon of a ball, floating up all tempting and slow, and it shot from the infield like a deflating balloon, but it did the same way, the way it almost always did. The left fielder moved in under it, and Dr. Carlucci's Bobcats were national champions for the fourth straight year.

The pitchers were resigned to suffering; someone had to do the job, odious though it surely was, but as ball after ball rose over the distant fences, to cheers that seemed to mock them, the pitchers grimaced toward the ground alone, living a bad dream.

Softball is the game, all three of them, but let it be said, once and finally, that neither the ball nor the game is soft, that softball is much more than office pinnies and paunchy men silly with beer. Among other things, softball is September, and three kinds of national championships take place: fast pitch, at Dallas this year, a game of hopping, dropping, blurry-fast deliveries; 16-inch slow pitch, at St. Louis, a contest of oppressive defense and the place-hitting of a ball that anyone can hit, but never far, and just plain slow pitch with the 12-inch ball, at Jacksonville, a contest between devouring hitters and the melancholy men who deliver up their feast.

To begin with the last, plain slow pitch. The pitchers at Jacksonville wore at their all-time saddest. One first baseman knocked in 33 runs in his seven games, and if that was not hitting a ton, then seven players had slugging averages over 2,000, and that certainly was. So was the 631 home runs in 64 games. After awhile the carnage began to pall. The

teams might as well have hired pitching machines. It would have been more humane, but no machine delivers a ball in a three-foot-high arc. And that is a rule in slow-pitch softball. The one legal pitching weapon is—now don't give away the secret!—the outside pitch. But in Florida the batters simply allowed those to ride and waited for one down the pipe.

Detroit's Little Caesar team, national champion in 1970 and runner-up last year, never recovered after scoring 20 runs in the fourth inning of one game, then losing 34-32. That was an average score: 51-11 was more impressive, and Louisville's Jiffy Club took that one on its way to winning the championship. Having the journey's leading hitter did nothing to hurt Jiffy. Cobie Harrison had 13 home runs in his five games and went 28 for 32, a cool .875. For the record, no slow pitcher has ever been known to develop arm trouble. There is, however, no place in the box scores to record suicides among pitchers.

At the tourney's end a decision was made to use a "restricted flight ball" in next year's nationals, one with 8% to 10% less bounce. A tournament official said, "Some guys want to hit away all the time, but we have to balance the game off." Many players object to the change. There is an action game, they say. They sneer at their fast-pitch cousins, calling that game a two-man bore.

In Dallas, where the pitches were fast and the pitchers overwhelming, one of the fast game's best hitters said, "This is softball. Slow pitch is an atrocity." This year, at least, he had a point. The Raybestos Cardinals of Stratford, Conn. were the big winners, clinching the national title with a 1-0 win over the Bombers of Clearwater, Fla. The Cardinals had no slow-pitch bellies hanging over their belts; they had nine all-round athletes—just as most fast-pitch teams do—some of whom had played minor-league baseball. One Cardinal said, "You can be a defensive hitter in hardball. You can wait to the last second and slap at

the ball. But try that in this game and you're dead."

He was right, and prophetic. For most of the game the Cardinals died, one by one. The Bombers' pitcher, Robert Quinn, all but knocked the bats from their hands. They lunged at changeups and missed, they swung late at everything else, all but helpless against 100-mph fastballs darting wildly in from 46 feet out. At the end of seven innings, the regulation game, there was no score and Stratford had but one hit. Then, an inning later, the Cardinals loaded the bases with a fast-pitch rally—a single, a hit batter, a sacrifice fly and an intentional pass. Up came Al Yeager, who had played Triple A ball in the Red Sox farm system a decade ago. He worked the count to three and two, then bounced a very big single through the middle. And that won the fast-pitch championship.

"As far as I'm concerned there is only one softball game—16-inch slow pitch," Eddie Zolna said.

"Z," as Zolna is called, is Mr. 16-inch softball. Zolna pitches, and he claims to have won about 3,000 games, which makes him a very big hit in Chicago but does not do much for him anywhere else. There are somewhere between 10,000 and 11,000 16-inch teams in the United States today, and most of them call Chicago home. Eddie Zolna's team is Dr. Carlucci's Bobcats, named after its sponsor, a dentist from Fox Lake, Ill. Every year, Dr. Carlucci gets a letter from his local dental association. It includes a reprimand for advertising his dental practice through his team—and a note of congratulations for having won the national championship again. The Bobcats have won six times, counting their most recent victory this month in St. Louis, and Eddie Zolna has pitched every game of all six championships, winning 55 and losing seven.

Zolna says, "I've probably struck out two guys in 25 years," but he does not recall what kind of a pitch got either of them. Anyone can hit the 16-inch ball, and every new player wants to, so Eddie Zolna lets them and they hit it to his fielders. In the first game at St. Louis, Zolna's arm would come down and then at the moment of release the ball would stick in his hand—one count, two counts—and the batter never knew when to expect it. At other times Zolna leaped

continued

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sideways from the rubber at the moment of release or hesitated in his motion. Each move affected the batter's timing. At the end of the game the head umpire took Zolna aside and told him of some rule changes. No more Eddie Zolna tricks, he said. No hesitations, no jumping, no crazy angles.

The Amateur Softball Association of America, it turned out, was taking steps to standardize the game, to give it broader appeal by bringing it closer to the far more widespread 12-inch game, a move that found no overwhelming popularity among the Chicago players. In the game they and Eddie Zolna like, the batter and pitcher are only 38 feet apart, enough to keep a ground ball from finding a hole. Still, enough balls do get through to drive scores up to 7-6 or thereabouts. Though curbed, Zolna pitched in all six of his team's wins in St. Louis. He knew the better batters, he kept the ball outside to the pull hitters and inside to the others. His earned run average for the tournament was under 3.00. Slow pitchers should do so well.

Many people at both Dallas and St. Louis were down on the 12-inch slow-pitch game, and it was easy to see why. The Zolnas were concerned that its growing popularity would dilute the unique qualities of their game. And the fast-pitch men were worried lest the "home run freaks," as some called the Jacksonville types, would swallow them up. They trotted out statistics: in 1965 60% of the country's softball teams were fast pitch and 40% slow; now, only seven years later, the figures are 80% slow and 20% fast. The pitching at Dallas was weaker than in past years and an ASA official said, "A lot of fast-pitch teams have folded because many young players are going to slow pitch." As a Stratford player said, "Lots of guys play slow pitch because they'd have trouble being stars right away in fast pitch. That takes years. Anyone with a bat in his hand can be a star in slow pitch."

Someone mentioned Cobbie Harrison's feats at Jacksonville—his .875 batting average, 22 RBIs, 13 home runs and 2.125 slugging average. Now 25, Harrison played two years in the Minnesota Twins' farm system after high school. When asked about his hitting in the minors he said, "I wasn't a power hitter then." In Dallas and St. Louis, the case rested.

END

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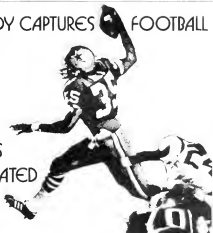
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## There was another kick coming

**Jan Stenerud had a nightmare to erase and perhaps he succeeded, but his team got booted again**

Extending the holiday work load of Kansas City mailmen, who already had had their fill of those who cared enough to send the very best—but not enough to send it early—Jan Stenerud began to receive more than a thousand letters from people he didn't know shortly after Christmas last year. Most of them tendered the kind of warm sympathy that would be rewritten later to another besieged Missourian named

Tom Eagleton, but a few rudely suggested that in Stenerud's Norwegian ancestry there surely lurked an immediate elkhound relative, if not other canines more mangy than pedigreed. Unstayed by rain, snow or dark of night, the condolences and crank notes were mutual response to a Yuletide that, along the wide Missouri, was no season to be jolly—the celebration being doused when Stenerud missed the field goal that cost the Kansas City Chiefs a playoff win over Miami in the longest pro football game ever.

As 41 million people witnessed on television, the Dolphins beat the Chiefs 27-24 in a sustained, six-quarter spectacular that held up Christmas dinners from Bar Harbor to Pismo Beach, at considerable threat to Curt Gowdy's tonsils. Resolution finally came after 82 minutes and 40 seconds when Garo Yepremian kicked a 37-yard field goal to end the second sudden-death overtime period, sending Miami toward its first conference title and leaving his AFC rival, Stenerud, somewhere with Jacob Marley. It was a crushing defeat for the Chiefs, who never trailed until that final, agonizing second, though somehow failing to extrapolate victory from their grunting, sweaty dominance on the field.

The blame for the loss fell squarely on the shoulders, or rather the foot, of Stenerud, who had sent a 31-yard "jimmie" field goal inches to the right of the goalposts with but 31 seconds left in regulation time. Stenerud was an even more convenient villain since he was charged, if somewhat unfairly, with two other misses. On one, early in the game, he failed at 29 yards, but that play was really a fake field goal that was discommodulated into a desperation kick by a bad center snap. Then, in the first overtime, he had a 42-yard attempt blocked by Nick Buoniconti.

It was all the more ironic that the goat in Kansas City's historic loss should be Stenerud, who is a blood five-year NFL veteran, a refugee from Oslo and the Montana State ski team. Trusting and honest, Stenerud is a selfless team player whose kicking on happier days has accounted for more victories than even Coach Hank Stram can remember. Two weeks before Miami came to town, Stenerud enabled the Chiefs to clinch their first Western Division title in five years when he booted a 10-yard field

goal with less than two minutes remaining for a 16-14 win over the arch-rival Oakland Raiders. A month after Miami, Stenerud kicked four field goals to lead the AFC to a 26-13 victory in the Pro Bowl, where he was named the game's outstanding offensive player. Three Stenerud field goals accounted for a 9-0 lead on Minnesota the year Kansas City won the Super Bowl, and similar deeds in many lesser games sprinkle his past.

But unlike other players whose gaffes are buried in the rack of fallen bodies or immediately forgotten when the next play succeeds, the kicker's performance is a spotlighted solo shot with no place to hide from failure. So it was with Stenerud, who probably made his own existence more unbearable by refusing to alibi, even though his teammates knew better.

"This game isn't one man," Quarterback Len Dawson said last week as the Chiefs prepared for a Miami rematch that would open the NFL season in their spanking-new stadium, Arrowhead. "Jan took the brunt of it because he happened to be the guy in there doing the kicking, but my opportunity was there before he arrived on the scene. You bring a kicker into a game because you've just scored a touchdown—or because you need a field goal when you can't score a touchdown. He's had to live with that game more than the rest of us. I know how hard he took it."

"Right afterward," Stenerud admitted, "it was really tough because there is no question that I had a lot to do with losing the game. It was hard to take, but time, I guess, heals everything. The only thing I can do is try to block out the memory of what happened, but I probably will think about it all this week, and during the game, too."

Stenerud's hope of contracting amnesia was helped none by Kansas City's countless number of zealot fans, each of whom, in the 266 days that passed between Christmas Day and Sunday's opener, seems to have bumped into the kicker, reminded him of his foul feat of foot and eagerly waited for a prediction of how the Chiefs would take sweet revenge on the Dolphins in the biggest athletic carnage in the history of the world.

But few of the Chiefs were thinking like their fans. "Even if we had won that game and won the Super Bowl,"

*continued*





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## PRO FOOTBALL *Continued*

said Halfback Ed Podolak, "It would have no bearing on this season. It's all history now. We can't afford to get hyped up about this game with 13 to play afterward. What happens if you get all emotionally involved and overplayed and then lose?"

For this reason, Hank Strum was saying all week—or month—that he had no thought that Miami would be a make-or-break test for Stenerud, or that his kicking would fold under the pressure of seeking revenge. "I think the only pressure comes from within," Strum said. "Not from the outside, unless you permit it. We're focused on NOW. The only thing that concerns us is what happens at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. If you win your first game, you could still wind up one-and-13, and if you lose, you could still be 13-and-one."

Stenerud himself bore no dark personal feelings toward the Dolphins. "I have nothing against them," he said, "because I don't think they had anything to do with my performance. It could have been any other team. But I guess this is probably the biggest opening game of my career." And would he like to win the game with a late field goal? "I don't know if I want that situation to come up again or if I don't want it to," he said.

The situation did not come up. With a national television audience looking on once again, Miami neatly carved up the Chiefs for a 20-10 victory, and not many in Kansas City will be content to limit their embarrassing questions to Stenerud anymore. The opener provided enough culprits for an inquisition. Up until the last nine seconds of the game, when Dawson connected on a four-yard touchdown pass to Willie Frazer, Stenerud had accounted for the only points that the lifeless Chiefs logged on their \$2 million electronic scoreboard. Turnovers, botched tackling and an offense seemingly stolen from one of Woody Hayes' 1950 playbooks eased Miami's chores considerably.

The Dolphins put it all out of reach in the first half when they scored 17 points and held the Chiefs to no deeper penetration than the Miami 44-yard line. Both the Miami touchdowns followed Kansas City errors. First, after Dick Anderson recovered a fumble by Podolak, Bob Griese took his mates 57 yards, ending the drive with a 14-yard pass to Martin Brixner. Next, late in the second quar-

ter, after Dawson was intercepted by Jake Scott, the Dolphins moved 40 yards in three plays, Larry Csonka smashing the last two yards.

The Miami offense, which rushed for 196 yards (Csonka had 118 yards on 21 carries), overshadowed little Yepremian, but he did kick two field goals from 47 and 15 yards, though missing on three other long attempts. Stenerud's field goal was from 40 yards, but perhaps as an omen of the day that awaited the Chiefs, his first attempt was a 54-yarder that was blocked by Lloyd Mumphord.

Dawson, who was thrown four times by the Miami defense, virtually eschewed the forward pass during the first half and threw the long bomb only three or four times all afternoon—either as a tribute to the Dolphins' zone defense or the inflexibility of Strum's conservative game plan. Dawson did complete 17 of 25 passes in the second half for 195 yards, but that was just catch-up ball—and the way the K.C. receivers were muddling along it was too often not-catch-it ball.

The Chiefs' frightful performance was made all the more embarrassing since it occurred before a record local crowd of 79,829, which jammed into gleaming new Arrowhead. Built at a cost of \$51 million, with \$9.5 million more in improvements ponied up by the Chiefs, Arrowhead boasts 50,000 seats between the end zones, and not a single pole to spoil the sight lines. Kansas City's new showplace comes equipped with suites, as in the celebrated new Dallas ball park, but even with the four-bedroom nook reserved at Chief games for Owner Lamar Hunt, the conclusion persists that Arrowhead was built with football, not interior decorators, as its primary consideration. It may be the best football stadium in the country, no matter what they say in Texas.

But pride in architecture is not likely to offer much consolation for Kansas City fans. Nor are they likely to find much comfort in the fact that they did not have to watch six quarters to see their team lose this time. The Miami-Kansas City game of Christmas Day 1971 may be the longest game on record, but for those who sat through the sweltering heat in Arrowhead Sunday while their Chiefs bumbled listlessly along, the Miami-Kansas City game of September 17, 1972 seemed absolutely endless.

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Hamish MacInnes of Ballachulish—the name suggests a village postman out of *Brigadoon*. But MacInnes, who does happen to live in a white-washed cottage in the Scottish Highlands, has been where they don't deliver mail. He is there now—in Nepal—standing amid treacherous crevasses, dazzling snowscapes, gigantic rocks and ice ridges sculpted over half a million years and looking up at the most dangerous 600 yards on earth—the unconquered sheer southwest face of Mount Everest, which soars into the clouds at 29,028 feet.

Everest was first conquered in 1953 by a more conventional route. Since then it has been scaled by teams from Switzerland, the United States, India and Japan, and the whole thing has begun to look like a milk run. But the southwest face is something else. To describe it as an unconventional route to the top is to indulge in cliché understatement. It is a climb that the world's mountaineers regard as their purest challenge because when they have fought agonizingly to 26,000 feet, they have really just begun. They must move on. The final assault on straight-up rock is the equivalent of fighting the Empire State Building in temperatures of 40° below and worse with 60-knot winds whipping past and every breath into the oxygen mask an increasingly painful exercise.

The face has been tackled to ice, abjectly, by the Japanese, and in 1971 an international group also failed. Earlier this year Hamish MacInnes and 22 others in yet another international team—from Germany, Austria, Iran, Italy, Switzerland and Britain—reached the final base camp at 26,900 feet, but on May 23 they gave up amid a welter of claims and counterclaims that oxygen was short because of bad planning, that too many men were unfit, that there was an unseemly scramble of egos to decide who went first to the top.

MacInnes, who tackled Everest for the first time 18 years ago when he was only 21 years old, returned to Scotland in June. He had lost 15 pounds, his reflexes were shot and his dream of success against the ultimate began to fade into limbo. But two months later he was heading back to Katmandu and thence to Everest as a member of a new British expedition.

"I thought I wouldn't go at first," he said. "Then I realized this would prob-

## A heart in the highlands

**A member of the expedition now within sight of the unconquered face of Everest talks of the terror that looms in the upcoming weeks**

ably be my last chance to be with a team that had a real possibility of making it. I don't feel physically strong enough, but the mountain has been hooked by other teams, including the Japanese, for the next four years, and I won't get another crack at it. I wouldn't say I'm exhilarated, but it's something that eats away at you wherever you are and whatever you are doing."

MacInnes has a wisp of red beard and pale blue eyes and he smiles with a kind of self-disparagement about his obsession. He is a gentle man, hardly a burly, broad-shouldered attacker of mountains, but up where the great peaks rear like tombstones into the clouds, he seems to have enormous reserves of physical and mental strength. Even in his less demanding native hills, when you watch him climb he is a shrewd and careful mover, placing his hands on rock with the fastidious absorption of someone selecting a piece of Dresden china. In another mountaineering age he might have been called Simon or Rodney or Vincent, someone strong but elegant with the kind of exquisite bravery that made British officers complain about the nose at the evacuation of Dunkirk.

The prototype was George Leigh Mallory, who vanished "going strong for the top" in his 1924 attempt at Everest. He wore cardigans and a Norfolk jacket, woolen mittens and a snap-brim hat and sustained his heroics with a hamper from Fortnum & Mason containing such items as potted quail, *poire de foin* gras and turtle soup. On this latest trip MacInnes and his companions are eating rice, yak meat and tinned beef.

For all the expedition's climbing credentials, its members recognize that the southwest face of Everest is in another league. "For starters," MacInnes explained before he left, "you must accept the hazards of lobar pneumonia, severe bronchial disease, snow blindness, glandular fever, mountain sickness, vertigo, hallucinations and the kind of exhaustion that is near to death. I thought

I knew what it would be like but when I got above 25,000 feet last May I was appalled. You try to use as few oxygen bottles as you can and sometimes you are almost sobbing with despair and deep, deep exhaustion. There is a constant danger of your blood clotting in its attempt to carry more oxygen to the brain, and if that happens, you may suffer permanent mental damage. I know



my reflexes were affected by the May climb. I drive an E-type Jaguar, and my reactions to fast cornering are not nearly as sharp as they were."

Above 25,000 feet men are presumed to deteriorate physically, and oxygen is life. It is therefore crucially important to MacInnes and the team who are making this last 1972 attempt that they have enough for the one-day up-and-back assault to the top. "When we have a go, we will need all we can carry, and each bottle weighs 12 pounds," MacInnes said. "You have to balance what you can physically haul around and how much you need to stay alive."

The intensity of the cold is difficult to imagine. MacInnes wears three *en-*

*continued*

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## MOUNTAIN CLIMBING continued

down suits, overalls, three pairs of socks, triple-layered boots covered by foam-lined outer boots, two layers of gloves, face mask, goggles and oxygen mask. "I once touched a metal tent strut up there," he said, "and despite my gloves, the skin was stripped from my fingers. I touched a bare oxygen bottle at night and got instant frostbite. And yet everything can change suddenly. The sun emerges if the cloud base lifts, and unless you are well masked, the ultraviolet rays can run your lips in an hour. Then the cloud sweeps back and the temperature nose-dives again."

There are rockfalls and avalanches as the sun melts ice and snow at the summit. "I don't wear a safety helmet because it is one more cumbersome mystery to add to all the rest," MacInnes said. "I'm a fatalist. You hear those rocks coming down like shellfire, and you can't even see them because they are so fast. You just hear the whine, and they rocket through tents and gear."

MacInnes is not a romantic, and like all mountaineers he finds it difficult to provide a rationale, if there is one, for what he does. "I can't properly say why I want to do this," he said. "It's not all stiff-upper-lip for Queen and country, you know. Sure, there are big financial rewards—selling the film we take, hundreds of thousands of postcards, lecture tours. But I love mountains, and to me this Everest face represents one of the greatest physical challenges any man can confront. Last time up, we lay huddled in our two-man tents at night playing Beethoven and Brahms and Joan Baez on cassettes, and we didn't think about death. We just contemplated what we had to do next day. We are essentially realists."

"Other attempts have failed because of bad planning and childish dissension. This time we will have a compact team whose members know each other well and get along. We need each other and we rely on our individual efficiency and nerve. We are trying together to do something that has never been achieved before. That's really what it is all about for me."

Of course, if and when MacInnes and his fellow climbers do drag themselves to 29,028 feet they, and any others who come after, will not really accept the southwest face as the last word. In their kind of game there is always another ultimate.

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Thirty years ago Spain's eminent philosopher set down some thoughts about man's enduring pursuit of game. Now, for the first time, his essay has been translated into English

# MEDITATIONS



# ON HUNTING

by JOSÉ ORTIGUERA CASSET



PHILIP HAYS

CONTINUED

*In our time—which is a rather stupid time—hunting is not considered a serious matter. It is thought a diversion, pre-supposing of course that diversion as such is not a serious matter. How distasteful existence in the universe must be for a creature—man, for example—to find it essential to divert himself, to attempt to escape for awhile from our real world to others that are not ours. Is this not strange? From what does man need to divert himself? With what does he succeed in diverting himself? The question of diversion brings us more directly to the heart of the human condition than do those great melodramatic topics with which demagogues berate us in their political speeches.*

*Now, however, I wish only to point out a feature of hunting that runs contrary to what is usually understood by diversion. The word usually refers to ways of life completely free of hardship, free of risk, not requiring great physical effort nor a great deal of concentration. But the occupation*

*of hunting, as carried on by a good hunter, involves precisely all of those things. It is not a matter of his happening to go into the fields every once in a while with his rifle on his shoulder; rather, every good hunter has dedicated a part of his existence—it is unimportant how much—to hunting. Now this is a more serious matter. Diversion loses its passive character, its frivolous side, and becomes the height of activity. For the most active thing a man can do is not simply to do something but to dedicate himself to doing it.*

*Throughout history, from Sumeria and Akkad, Assyria and the First Empire of Egypt up until the present, there have always been men, many men, who dedicated themselves to hunting out of pleasure, will or affection. Seen from this point of view the topic of hunting expands until it attains enormous proportions. Consequently, aware that it is a more difficult matter than it seems at first, I ask myself what the devil kind of occupation is this business of hunting?*

**T**he life that we are given has its minutes numbered and, in addition, it is given to us empty. Whether we like it or not we have to fill it on our own; that is, we have to occupy it one way or another. Thus the essence of each life lies in its occupations. The animal is given not only life but also an invariable repertory of conduct. Without his own intervention, his instincts have already decided what he is going to do and what he is going to avoid. Therefore it cannot be said that the animal occupies himself with one thing or another. His life has never been empty, undetermined. But man is an animal who has lost his system of instincts, retaining only instinctual stumps and residual elements incapable of imposing on him a plan of behavior. When he becomes aware of existence, he finds himself before a terrifying emptiness. He does not know what to do; he himself must invent his own tasks or occupations. If he could count on an infinity of time before him, this would not matter very much, he could live doing whatever occurred to him, trying every imaginable occupation one after another. But—and this is the problem—life is brief and urgent; above all, it consists in rushing, and there is nothing for it but to choose one way of life to

the exclusion of all others, to give up being one thing in order to be another; in short, to prefer some occupations to the rest. The very fact that our languages use the word "occupation" in this sense reveals that from ancient times, perhaps from the very beginning, man has seen his life as a space of time which his actions, like bodies of matter unable to penetrate one another, continue to fill.

Along with life, there is imposed upon us a long series of unavoidable necessities that we must face unless we are

to succumb. But the ways and means of meeting these have not been imposed, so that even in this process of the inevitable we must invent—each man for himself or drawing from customs and traditions—our own repertory of actions. Moreover, to what extent are those so-called vital necessities really vital? They are imposed upon us to the extent that we want to endure, and we will not want to endure if we do not invent for our life a meaning, a charm, a flavor that in itself it does not have. This is the reason I say that life is given to us empty. In itself life is insipid because it is a simple "being there." So, for man, existing becomes a poetic task, like the playwright's or the novelist's: that of inventing a plot for his ex-



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istence, giving it a character that will make it both suggestive and appealing.

The fact is that for almost all men the major part of life consists of obligatory occupations, chores that they would never do out of choice. Since this fate is so ancient and so constant, it would seem that man should have learned to adapt himself to it, and consequently to find it charming. But he does not seem to have done so. Although the constancy of the annoyance has hardened us a little, these occupations imposed by necessity continue to be difficult. They weigh upon our existence, mangling it, crushing it. In English such tasks are called jobs; in the Romance languages the terms for them derive from the Latin word *tripolium*, which originally meant an instrument of torture. And what most torments us about work is that by filling up our time it seems to take it from us; in other words, life used for work does not seem to us to be really ours, which it should be, but on the contrary seems the annihilation of our real existence. We try to encourage ourselves with secondary reflections that attempt to ennoble work in our eyes and to construct for it a kind of hagiographic legend, but deep down inside of us there is something irrepressible always functioning which never abandons protest and which confirms the terrible curse of Genesis—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Hence the bad feeling we usually inject into the term "occupation." When someone tells us that he is very occupied he is usually giving us to understand that his real life is being held in suspension, as if foreign realities had invaded his world and left him without a home. This is true to such an extent that the man who works does so with the more or less vague hope of one day winning through work the liberation of his life, of being able in time to stop working and start really living.

All this indicates that man, painfully submerged in his work or obligatory occupations, projects beyond them, imagines another kind of life consisting of very different occupations in the execution of which he would not feel as if he were losing time but, on the contrary, gaining it, filling it satisfactorily and as it should be filled. Opposite a life that annihilates itself and fails—a life of work—he erects the plan of a life successful in itself, a life of delight and happiness. While obligatory occupations seem like foreign impositions, to those others we feel ourselves called by an intimate little voice that proclaims them from the innermost secret folds of our depths. This most strange phenomenon whereby we call on ourselves to do specific things is the "vocation."

There is one general vocation common to all men. All men, in fact, feel called on to be happy, but in each individual that general call becomes concrete in the more or less singular profile in which happiness appears to him. Happiness is a life dedicated to occupations for which that individual feels a singular vocation. Immersed in them, he misses nothing; the whole present fills him completely, free from desire and nostalgia. Laborious activities are performed not out of any esteem for them but rather for the result that follows them, but we give ourselves to vo-

litional occupations for the pleasure of them, without concern about the subsequent profit. For that reason we want them never to end. We would like to eternalize them. And, really, once absorbed in a pleasurable occupation, we catch a starry glimpse of eternity.

So here is the human being suspended between two conflicting repertoires of occupations: the laborious and the pleasing. It is moving and very sad to see how the two struggle in each individual. Work robs us of time to be happy and pleasure gnaws away as much as possible at the time claimed by work. As soon as man discovers a chink or crack in the mesh of his work he escapes through it to the exercise of more enjoyable activities.

At this point a specific question demands our attention. What kind of happy existence has man tried to attain when circumstances allowed him to do so? What have been the forms of the happy life? Even supposing that there have been innumerable forms, have not some been clearly predominant? This is of the greatest importance because in the happy occupations, again, the vocation of man is revealed. Nevertheless, we notice, surprised and scandalized, that this topic has never been investigated. Although it seems incredible, we lack completely a history of man's concept of what constitutes happiness.

Exceptional vocations aside, we confront the stupefying fact that, while obligatory occupations have undergone the most radical changes, the idea of the happy life has hardly varied throughout human evolution. In all times and places, as soon as man has enjoyed a moment's respite from his work he has hastened, with illusion and excitement, to execute a limited and always similar repertoire of enjoyable activities. Strange though this is, it is essentially true; to convince oneself, it is enough to proceed rather methodically, beginning by setting out the information.

What kind of man has been the least oppressed by work and the most easily able to engage in being happy? Obviously, the aristocratic man. Certainly the aristocrats, too, had their jobs, frequently the hardest of all: war, responsibilities of government, care of their own wealth. Only degenerate aristocracies stopped working, and complete idleness was short-lived because the degenerate aristocracies were soon swept away. But the work of the aristocrat, even though it entailed effort, was of such a nature that it left him a great deal of free time. And this is what concerns us: *what does man do when he is free to do what he pleases?* Now this greatly liberated man, the aristocrat, has always done the same things: raced horses or competed in physical exercises, gathered at parties, the feature of which is usually dancing, and engaged in conversation. But before any of those, and consistently more important than all of them, has been . . . hunting. So that, if instead of speaking hypothetically we attend to the facts, we discover—whether we want to or not, with enjoyment or with anger—that the most appropriated, enjoyable occupation for the normal man has always been hunting. This is what kings and nobles have preferred to do: they have hunted. But it happens that the other social

classes have done or wanted to do the same thing, to such an extent that one could almost divide the felicitous occupations of the normal man into four categories: hunting, dancing, physical endeavors and conversing.

Choose at random any period in the vast and continuous flow of history, and you will find that both men of the middle class and poor men have usually made hunting their happiest occupation. No one better represents the intermediary group between the Spanish nobility and Spanish bourgeoisie of the second half of the 16th century than the Knight in the Green-Colored Greatcoat, whom Don Quixote meets. In the plan of his life which he formally expounds, this knight makes clear that "my exercises are hunting and fishing." A man already in his 50s, he has given up the hound and the falcon; a partridge decoy and a bold ferret are enough for him. This is the least glorious kind of hunting, and it is understandable that Don Quixote shortly afterward, in a gesture of impatience that distorted his usual courtesy, scorned both beasts in comparison with the husky North African lion.

One of the few texts on the art of hunting which has come down to us from antiquity is the *Cynegetica* by Flavius Arrianus, the historian of Alexander the Great and a Greek who wrote during the time of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius. In this book, written during the first half of the second century A.D., Arrianus describes the hunting expeditions of the Celts and in unexpected detail studies separately the point-of-view of hunting, the middle-class man's way and the lower-class way. That is, everybody hunted—out of pleasure, it is understood—in a civilization that corresponds roughly to the first Iron Age.

Nevertheless, the strongest proof of the extension throughout history of the enthusiasm for hunting lies in the contrary fact, namely, that with maximum frequency throughout the centuries not everyone has been allowed to hunt. A privilege has been made of this occupation, one of the most characteristic privileges of the powerful. Precisely because almost all men wanted to hunt and saw a possible happiness in doing so, it was necessary to stagger the exercise of the occupation; otherwise the game would have very soon disappeared, and neither the many nor the few would have been happy in that situation. It is not improbable, then, that even in the Neolithic period hunting acquired some of the aspects of a privilege. Neolithic man, who is already cultivating the soil, who has tamed animals and breeds them, does not need, as did his Paleolithic predecessor, to feed himself principally from his hunting. Freed of its obligatory nature, hunting is elevated to the rank of a sport. Neolithic man is already rich, and this means that he lives in authentic societies, that in societies divided into classes, with their inevitable "upper" and "lower." It is difficult to imagine that hunting was not limited in one way or another.

Once we have underlined the almost universally privileged nature of the sport of hunting, it becomes clear to what extent this is no laughing matter but rather, however strangely, a deep and permanent yearning in the human condition. It is as if we had poked a trigeminal nerve. From all the revolutionary periods in history there leaps into view the lower classes' fierce hatred for the upper classes

because the latter had restricted hunting—an indication of the enormous appetite that the lower classes had for the occupation. One of the causes of the French Revolution was the irritation the country people felt because they were not allowed to hunt, and consequently one of the first privileges that the nobles were obliged to abandon was this one. In all revolutions the first thing that the people have done was to jump over the fences of the preserves or to tear them down, and in the name of social justice pursue the hare and the partridge. And thus after the revolutionary newspapers, in their editorials, had for years and years been abusing the aristocrats for being so frivolous as to spend their time hunting.

About 1938 Jules Romains, a hardened writer of the *Front Populaire*, published an article venting his irritation with the workers because they, having gained a tremendous reduction in the workday and being in possession of long idle hours, had not learned to occupy themselves other than in the most uncouth form of hunting: fishing with a rod, the favorite sport of the good French bourgeois. The ill-humored writer was deeply irritated that a serious revolution had been achieved with no apparent result other than that of augmenting the number of rod fishermen.

The chronic fury of the people against the privilege of hunting is not, then, incidental or mere subversive insolence. It is thoroughly justified: in it the people reveal that they are men like those of the upper class and that the vocation, the felicitous illusion, of hunting is normal in the human being. What is an error is to believe that this privilege has an arbitrary origin, that it is pure injustice and abuse of power. No, we shall presently see why hunting—not only the luxurious sporting variety but any and all forms of hunting—essentially demands limitation and privilege.

Argue, fight as much as you like, over who should be the privileged ones, but do not pretend that squares are round and that hunting is not a privilege. What happens here is just what has happened with many other things. For 200 years Western man has been fighting to eliminate privilege, which is stupid because in certain orders privilege is inevitable and its existence does not depend on human will. It is to be hoped that the West will dedicate the next two centuries to fighting—there is no hope for a suspension of man's innate pugnacity—to fighting for something less stupid, more attainable and not at all extraordinary, such as a better selection of privileged persons.

In periods of an opposite nature, which were not revolutionary and in which, avoiding false Utopias, people relied on things as they really were, not only was hunting a privilege respected by all, but those on the bottom demanded it of those on top, because they saw in hunting, especially in its superior forms—the chase, falconry and the battue [the practice of beating the woods to drive the game from cover]—a vigorous discipline and an opportunity to show courage, endurance and skill, which are the attributes of the genuinely powerful person. Once a crown prince who had grown up in Rome went to occupy the Persian throne. It is said that very soon he had to abdicate because the Persians could not accept a monarch



who did not like hunting, a traditional and almost titular occupation of Persian gentlemen. The young man apparently had become interested in literature and was beyond hope.

Hunting, like all human occupations, has its different levels, and how little of the real work of hunting is suggested in words like *diversion*, *relaxation*, *entertainment*!

A good hunter's way of hunting is a hard job that demands much from man: he must keep himself fit, face extreme fatigues, accept danger. It involves a complete code of ethics of the most distinguished design: the hunter who accepts the sporting code of ethics keeps these commandments in the greatest solitude with no witnesses or audience other than the sharp peaks of the mountain, the roaming cloud, the stern oak, the trembling juniper and the passing animal. In this way hunting resembles the monastic rule and the military order. So in my presentation of it as what it is, as a form of happiness, I have avoided calling it pleasure. Doubtless in all happiness there is pleasure, but pleasure is the least of happiness. Pleasure is a passive occurrence, and it is appropriate to return to Aristotle, for whom happiness always clearly consisted in an act, in an energetic effort. That this effort, as it is being performed, produces pleasure is only coincidental and, if you wish, one of the ingredients that comprise the situation. But along with the pleasures that exist in hunting, there are unnumberable annoyances. What right have we to take it by that handle and not by this one? The truth is that the important and appealing aspect of hunting is neither pleasure nor annoyance but rather the very activity that comprises hunting.

Happy occupations, it is clear, are not merely pleasures; they are efforts, and real sports are effort. It is not possible to distinguish work from sport by a plus or minus in fatigue. The difference is that sport is an effort made freely, for the pure enjoyment of it, while work is an obligatory effort made with an eye to the profit.

Anyone who is now advanced in years has had the opportunity to observe that from his childhood to the present the number of animals that the human hunter has

found interesting and considered worthwhile pursuing as quarry has greatly diminished. To explain this, obvious reasons have been given: the greater perfection of weapons, the excessive number of hunters that use them, the growing area of cultivated lands not only in Europe but throughout the world. Whether or not these are the causes, the diminution itself is fact, and once reality has forced

us to accept it as such, it triggers in us an abstract line of reasoning. If in our childhood there was more game than today, going backward in time we should find greater and greater abundance, and we should presently arrive at times in which it must have been superabundant. This is how we have got into our heads, almost automatically, the common conviction that "before, there was much more game," in the sense that "there was more than enough game." I myself used to accept this like everyone else.

Prehistorians usually affirm that the various glacial and postglacial periods were paradise for the hunter. They give us the impression that tasty prey swarmed everywhere in unimaginable abundance and, reading their works, the wild animal that does deep

down inside any good hunter feels his teeth sharpen and his mouth water. But those appraisals are vague and summary. At times a precise bit of information, in which we are given figures, leads us to imagine swarms of animals. Thus the remains of some 10,000 wild horses have been found in what is perhaps the largest-known field of prey, the region around Solutré. In the Drachenhöhle (Cavern of Dragons) in Styria, says Hugo Obermaier, the German archaeologist, 30,000 to 50,000 skeletons of cave-dwelling bears were piled up, dead not at the hands of hunters but due to natural causes.

But prehistorians use a chronology that walks on very tall stilts. They speak of millennia as if they were nothing. The durations of which they speak, like those of astronomers, are expressed in such large figures that the whole beauty of numbers evaporates, becoming mere convention. In fact, to the aforementioned data about the bears, Obermaier immediately adds, "Since more than five or six families never lived together at the same time in the cave, it is to be assumed that the Drachenhöhle was the constant



dwelling place of these animals for more than 10,000 years." The highly respected Obermaier is now being reasonable. But if we take the smaller figure, as would be sane, 30,000 divides up into three bears a year. This is too few bears: it is what I call the scarcity of game.

To gauge the quantity of game that presumably existed in the Paleolithic Age, the documents which the hunters of that time left us in their rock figurines are, for many problematic reasons, more important than these facts. This is because those exciting images were put there, paralyzed in stone, not for love of art but for a magical purpose. By covering the walls with drawings of animals, ritually consecrated, primitive man believed he assured the animals' presence in the environs. By drawing an arrow in the flank of an image a successful hunt was prefigured. This magic was not only meant to achieve success in wounding the prey, it was also fertility magic. The figurative rite was performed so that the animal would be abundant and its females fertile.

It would be appropriate to state precisely the three purposes of this hunting magic: 1) that there be a lot of game; 2) given it exists, that the hunter find it; 3) once found, that the techniques used to capture it—the trap, driving it off a cliff, the dart, the arrow—function successfully. With the first purpose the primitive hunter makes a formal and explicit confession to us that he did not believe game to abound, so that for him the first act of hunting consists in procuring the existence of game, which apparently on its own was simply neither plentiful nor constant.

But the other two purposes implicitly declare just as much that this hunter starts from the assumption that the desired animal is uncommon. If it were plentiful there would be no question of not running into it, no problems and hardships seeking it. If it is unnecessary to look for it because it is always at hand, in inexhaustible supply, one does not worry either about success in killing or capturing it. If the first blow fails it is all the same; another animal is close by to receive a second aggression, and so on indefinitely.

But this last inference, which is of superlative simplicity and if well understood would seem to be a platitude, leads

to a sudden realization. It dawns on us that this kind of arduous proof of scarcity of game throughout human history, and still earlier in prehistory, is completely unnecessary; we could have saved ourselves the trouble with a simple reflection on the very idea of the hunt.

For hunting is not simply casting blows right and left in order to kill animals or to catch them. The hunt is a series of technical operations, and for an activity to become technical it has to matter that it works in one particular way and not in another. Technique presupposes that success in reaching a certain goal is difficult and improbable; to compensate for its difficulty and improbability one must exert oneself to invent a special procedure of sufficient effectiveness. If we take one by one the different acts that comprise hunting, starting with the last—killing or capturing the prey—and continuing backward toward the initial operation, we will see that they all presuppose the scarcity of game.

Anybody who has hunted will recognize that each prey when it appears seems as if it is going to be the only one. It is a flash of opportunity the hunter must take advantage of. Perhaps the occasion will not present itself again all day. Thus the excitement, always new, always fresh, even in the oldest hunter. But all this presupposes that achieving the presence of game is a triumph in itself, and very unusual good fortune. But how many efforts are necessary in order to have this fortunate opportunity, as instantaneous as a lightning flash, take place! The chain of venatic operations unfolds now before our retrospective analysis. And each technique is revealed as a difficult and ingenious effort to force the appearance of the animal, which apparently on his own characteristically will not be there. So, leaving aside the magic used by the primitives of the glacial period, the first act of all hunting is to find the prey. Strictly speaking, this is not merely the first task, but the fundamental task of all hunting: bringing about the presence of the prey.

The Paleolithic tribes of the present—those that live, like those of 10,000 years ago, exclusively or almost exclusively by hunting—are the most primitive human species that exist. They do not have the slightest hint of government, of legis-

lation, of authority; only one law is enforced among them: that which determines how they must divide the spoils of their hunting. In many of these tribes the largest and best portion of the spoils is given not to the one who kills, but rather to the one who first saw the animal, discovered it and caused it to rise and show itself. It is almost certain that this was the "constitutional right" of hunting in the dawn of humanity. That is, when the history of hunting began, detecting the animal was already held to be the basic operation; therefore the scarcity of game is of the essence of the whole undertaking. There is no more eminent proof that this initial labor is the most important part of hunting, and it is understandable that a very accomplished hunter should consider the supreme form of hunting that in which the hunter, alone in the mountains, is at the same time the person who discovers the prey, the one who pursues it and the one who fells it.

So we have come to a monumental but inevitable paradox: the fact that man hunts presupposes that there is and always has been a scarcity of game. If game were superabundant, there would not exist that peculiar animal behavior that we distinguish from all others with the precise name "hunting." Since air is usually abundant, there is no technical ability involved in breathing, and breathing is not hunting air.

More than once the sportsman within shooting range of a splendid animal hesitates in pulling the trigger. The idea that such a slender life is going to be annihilated surprises him for an instant. Every good hunter is uneasy in the depths of his conscience when faced with the death he is about to inflict on the enchanting animal. He does not have the final and firm conviction that his conduct is correct. But neither, it should be understood, is he certain of the opposite. Finding himself in an ambivalent situation which he has often wanted to clear up, he thinks about this issue without ever obtaining the sought-after evidence. I believe that this has always happened to man, with varying degrees of intensity according to the nature of the prey—ferocious or harmless—and with one or another variation in the aspect of un-easiness. This says nothing against hunt-

*continued*

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The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road, they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

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As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where half of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

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Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 12% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

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**FIAT**

ACCELERATION		0-100 miles per hour
FIAT	40-50 mph	11.6 seconds
VW	50-70 mph	14.7 seconds
FIAT	40-70 mph	11.7 seconds
VW	40-70 mph	25.0 seconds
BRAKING		5-0 ft
FIAT	20-0 mph	15.4 ft
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft
FIAT	60-0 mph	129.7 ft
VW	60-0 mph	135.2 ft
BUMPER TO BUMPER		150 ft
FIAT		150.8 in
VW		161.8 in
FRONT SEAT—SIDE TO SIDE		39.50 in
FIAT		46.0 in
REAR SEAT—SIDE TO SIDE		49.875 in
FIAT		47.125 in
BACK SEAT—KNEE ROOM		31.00 in
FIAT		35.75 in
COST		\$3,962*
FIAT		\$2,150*
VW		

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ling but only that the generally problematic, equivocal nature of man's relationship with animals shines through that uneasiness. Nor can it be otherwise, because man really has never known exactly what an animal is. Before and beyond all science, humanity sees itself as something emerging from animality, but it cannot be sure of having transcended that state completely. The animal remains too close for us to not feel mysterious communication with it. The only people to have felt they had a clear idea about the animal were the Cartesians. The truth is that they believed they had a clear idea about everything. But to achieve that rigorous distinction between man and beast, Descartes first had to convince himself that the animal was a mineral—that is, a mere machine. Fontenelle recounts that in his youth, while he was visiting Malebranche, a pregnant dog came into the room. So that the animal would not disturb anyone who was present, Malebranche—a very sweet and somewhat suckly priest whose spine was twisted like a corkscrew—had the dog expelled with blows from a stick. The poor animal ran away howling pitifully while Malebranche, a Cartesian, listened impassively. "It doesn't matter," he said. "It's a machine, it's a machine!"

Has anyone noticed the very strange fact that, before and apart from any moral or even simply compassionate reaction, it seems to us that nothing stains as blood does? When two men who have had a fistfight in the street finally separate and we see their bloodstained faces, we are always disconcerted. Rather than producing in us the sympathetic response which another's pain generally causes, the sight creates a disgust that is extremely intense and of a very special nature. Not only do those faces seem repugnantly stained, but the filth goes beyond physical limits and becomes, at the same time, moral. The blood has not only stained the faces but it has soiled them—that is to say it has debased and in a way degraded them. Hunters who read this will remember this primary sensation, so often felt, when at the end of the hunt the dead game lies in a heap on the ground with dried blood here and there staining plumage and pelt. The reaction, I repeat, is prior to and still deeper than any ethical question, since one notices the degradation

that blood produces wherever it falls, on inanimate things as well. Earth that is stained with blood is as damned. A white rag stained with blood is not only repugnant, it seems violated, its humble textile material dishonored. It is the frightening mystery of blood. What can it be? Life is the mysterious reality par excellence, not only in the sense that we do not know its secret but also because life is the only reality that has a true "inside"—an *inter* or intimacy. Blood, the liquid that carries and symbolizes life, is meant to flow occultly, secretly, through the interior of the body. When it is spilled and the essential "within" comes outside, a reaction of disgust and terror is produced in all nature, as if the most radical absurdity had been committed: that which is purely internal made external.

But this is precisely what death is. The cadaver is flesh that has lost its intimacy, flesh whose "interior" has escaped like a bird from a cage, a piece of pure matter in which there is no longer anyone hidden.

Yet after this first bitter impression, if the blood insists on presenting itself, if it flows abundantly, it ends by producing the opposite effect: it intoxicates, excites, maddens both man and beast. The Romans went to the circus as they did to the tavern, and the bullfight public does the same: the blood of the gladiators, the beasts, the bull operates like a stupefying drug. Similarly, war is always an orgy at the time. Blood has an unequalled orgasmic power.

I have indicated that a sport is the effort which is carried out for the pleasure that it gives in itself and not for the transitory result that the effort brings forth. It follows that when an activity becomes a sport, whatever that activity may be, the hierarchy of its values becomes inverted. In utilitarian hunting the true purpose of the hunter, what he seeks and values, is the death of the animal. Everything else that he does before that is merely a means for achieving that end, which is its formal purpose. But in hunting as a sport, this order of means to end is reversed. To the sportsman the death of the game is not what interests him; that is not his purpose. What interests him is everything he had to do to achieve that death—

that is, the hunt. Therefore what was before only a means to an end is now an end in itself. Death is essential because without it there is no authentic hunting: the killing of the animal is the natural end of the hunt and the goal of hunting itself, not of the hunter. The hunter seeks this death because it is no less than the sign of reality for the whole hunting process. To sum up, one does not hunt in order to kill; on the contrary, one kills in order to have hunted. If one were to present the sportsman with the death of the animal as a gift, he would refuse it. What he is after is having to win it, to conquer through his own effort and skill with all the extras that this carries with it: the immersion in the countryside, the healthfulness of the exercise, the distraction from his job and so on and so forth.

In order to subsist, early man had to dedicate himself wholly to hunting. Hunting was the first occupation, man's first work and craft. The venatic occupation was unavoidable, and as the center and root of existence it ruled human life completely—its acts and its ideas, its technology and sociality. Hunting was, then, the first form of life man adopted, and this means—it should be fundamentally understood—that man's being consisted first in being a hunter.

Primitive hunting, however, was not a pure invention of primitive man. He had inherited it from the primate animal from which the human peculiarity sprang. Do not forget that man was once a beast. His carnivore's fangs and canine teeth are unimpeachable evidence of this. Of course, he was also a vegetarian, like the ovidae, as his molars attest. Man, in fact, combines the two extreme conditions of the mammal, and therefore he goes through life constantly vacillating between being a sheep and being a tiger.

Early Paleolithic man, the oldest that we know and the one who by chance was the hunter par excellence, was a man while still an animal. His reason was not sufficient to permit him to transcend the orbit of zoological existence; he was an animal intermixed with discontinuous lucidities, a beast whose intellect glowed from time to time in his intimate darkness. Such was the original, primordial way of being a man.

In these conditions he hunted. All the instincts that he still had played a part in his task, but in addition he employed thoroughly all his reason. This is the only form of hunting, among all those that man has practiced, which can truly be called a "reasoned pursuit." It can be called that even though it was not especially reasoned. Nevertheless, the first traps were invented in that period. From the first, man was a very tricky animal. And he invented the first venatorial stratagems: for example, the battue, which drove the game toward a precipice. The early weapons were insufficient for killing the free animal. Hunting was either forcing the game over a cliff or capturing it in traps or with nets and snares. Once the prey was caught, it was beaten to death. Obermaier thinks that sometimes it was suffocated with clouds of smoke.

Starting from this outline we must conceive the later development. To do that it is necessary to think along two lines at once. Reason grows stronger. Man invents more and more effective weapons and techniques. In this direction man grows farther away from the animal, raising his level above that of the beast. But along parallel lines, the atrophy of his instincts increases also, and he grows away from his pristine intimacy with nature. From being essentially a hunter he passes to being essentially a shepherd—that is, to a semistationary way of life. Very soon he turns from shepherd into farmer, which is to say that he becomes completely stationary. The use of his legs, his lungs, his senses of smell, of orientation, of the winds, of the trails all diminish. Normally, he ceases to be an expert tracker. This reduces his advantage over the animal; it maintains him in a limited range of superiority that permits the equation of the hunt. As he has perfected his weapons he has ceased to be wild; he has lost form as a fieldsman. The man who uses a rifle today generally does not live continuously on plains or in forests, rather, he goes there only for a few days. Today's best-trained hunter cannot begin to compare his form to that of the sylvan actions of the present-day pygmy or his remote counterpart, Paleolithic man. Thus progress in weaponry is somewhat compensated by regression in the form of the hunter.

*continued*



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The admiration and generous envy that some modern hunters feel toward the poacher stems from this. The poacher is, in distant likeness, a Paleolithic man—the municipal Paleolithic man, the eternal cave dweller domiciled in modern villages. His greater frequentation of the mountain solitudes has reeducated a little the instincts that have only a residual nature in urban man. This reconfirms the idea that hunting is a confrontation between two systems of instincts. The poacher hunts better than the amateur not because he is more rational but because he tires less, he is more accustomed to the mountains, he sees better and his predatory instincts function more vigorously. The poacher always smells a little like a beast and he has the eyesight of a fox, a marten or a field mouse. The sporting hunter, when he sees a poacher at work in the field, discovers that he himself is not a hunter, that in spite of all his efforts and enthusiasm he cannot penetrate the solid profundity of venatorial knowledge and skill the poacher possesses. It is the superiority of the professional, of the man who has dedicated his entire life to the matter, while the amateur can only dedicate a few weeks of the year to it. We must immerse ourselves wholly and heroically in an occupation in order to dominate it, to be it!

Very soon reason reaches a degree of development that permits human life to go beyond the horizon of the animal: thus when man's superiority becomes almost absolute, the rôle of reason in the hunt becomes inverted. Instead of being used fully and directly in the task, it intervenes rather obliquely and gets in its own way. Adult reason directs itself to tasks other than hunting. When it does bother with the hunt, it pays most attention to preliminary or peripheral questions. It seriously will endeavor to improve the species by scientific means, to select the breeds of dogs, to dictate good laws for the hunt, to organize the game preserves and even to produce weapons that within very narrow limits will be more accurate and effective. But one idea presides over all this: the inequality between hunter and hunted should not be allowed to become excessive, the margin that existed between them at the beginning of history will be preserved and, where pos-

sible, improved in favor of the animal. On the other hand, when the moment of the hunt actually arrives, reason does not intervene in any greater degree than it did in primitive times, when it was no more than an elemental substitute for the instincts. This clarifies the fact, incomprehensible from any other point of view, that the general lines of the hunt are identical today with those of 5,000 years ago.

Thus the principle which inspires hunting for sport is that of artificially perpetuating a situation which is archaic in the highest degree, that early state in which, already human, man still lived within the orbit of animal existence.

It is possible that I may have offended some hunter who presumes that my definition of hunting implies I have treated him as an animal. But I doubt that any real hunter will be offended. For all the grace and delight of hunting are rooted in this fact: that man, projected by his inevitable progress away from his ancestral proximity to animals, vegetables and minerals—in sum, to nature—takes pleasure in the artificial return to it, the only occupation that permits him something like a vacation from his human condition. Thus the meditation which unfolds in the preceding pages has gone full circle, returning us to its beginning, because it means that when man hunts he succeeds in diverting himself and in distracting himself from being a man. And this is the superlative diversion, it is the fundamental diversion.

There is no period in which this nostalgia for other past times has not existed because there has never been a period in which man felt that he had more than enough energy to deal with his own troublesome situation. He has always lived with the water at his throat. The past is a promise of greater simplicity for him: it seems to him that he could move with a good deal more comfort and peremptory in those less-evolved forms of primitive life. Life would be a game for him.

It is surprising to see the insistence with which all cultures, upon imagining a golden age, have placed it at the beginning of time, at the most primitive point. It was only a couple of centuries ago that the tendency to expect the best from the future began to com-

pete with that retrospective illusion. Our hearts vacillate between a yearning for novelties and a constant eagerness to turn back. But historically the latter predominates. Happiness has generally been thought to be simplicity and primitivism.

As history advanced, the ways of being a man became more conditioned—we would say more specialized. On the other hand, if we move backward toward more and more elemental styles of life, speculation diminishes and we find more generic ways of being a man, with so few suppositions that in principle those ways would be possible or almost possible in any time, that is, they exist as permanent availabilities in man.

This is the reason men hunt. When one is fed up with the troublesome present, with being very 20th century, one takes his gun, whistles for his dog, goes out to the mountain and, without further ado, gives himself the pleasure during a few hours or a few days of being Paleolithic. And men of all eras have been able to do the same without any difference except in the weapon employed. It has always been at man's disposal to escape from the present to that pristine form of being a man which, because it is the first form, has no historical suppositions. History begins with that form.

By hunting, man succeeds, in effect, in annihilating all historical evolution, in separating himself from the present and in renewing the primitive situation. An artificial preparation is necessary, certainly, for hunting to be possible. It is even necessary for the state to intervene, protecting the preserves or imposing the closed seasons without which there would be no game. But what is artificial in hunting remains prior to, and outside of, hunting itself. When modern man sets out to hunt, what he does is essentially the same thing Paleolithic man did. The only difference is that for the latter hunting was the center of gravity for his whole life, while for the sportsman it is only a transitory suspension, almost parenthetical, of his authentic life. The hunter is, at one and the same time, a man of today and of 10,000 years ago. In hunting, the long process of universal history coils up and bites its own tail.

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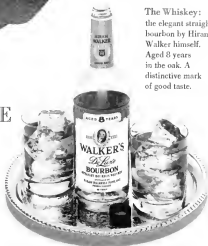


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# The Afternoon the Biscuit Ate an Admiral

It was a vintage year for thoroughbred racing in America, and it took only two horses and one race to make it that way. In Seabiscuit and War Admiral the turf world in 1938 had two of the finest competitors in racing history. There were no other serious contenders for Horse of the Year honors, and each of the owners, Sam Riddle for War Admiral and Charles S. Howard for Seabiscuit, was certain his mount had a lock on the honor. The racing public was not so sure, and the best way to settle the issue seemed to be a match race.

Getting the two horses together on the same track proved rather complicated, however. Neither Riddle nor Howard was prepared to relinquish the slightest advantage—in scheduling, track condition or distance—to the other. And so the negotiations proceeded fitfully.

Seabiscuit, after winning the Bay Meadows Handicap in April, carrying the highest weight of his career, 133 pounds, shipped to New York's Belmont Park for the first proposed match with War Admiral. Everything seemed set when the Biscuit's trainer, Silent Tom Smith, declared him out. To race winners who wanted to know why, Smith explained in five words: "My horse lost his edge."

Having presumably regained it, Seabiscuit was now sent to Boston to oppose War Admiral in the Massachusetts Handicap but was scratched when the track came up mud. (Howard may have missed a bet here: War Admiral ran fourth that day.) Moving on to Chicago, the Biscuit entered the Stakes and Stripes Handicap on July 4, but—giving away 23 pounds to War Minstrel—lost by 3½ lengths.

Returning to the West Coast, Seabiscuit won the first running of the Hollywood Gold Cup at the new Hollywood Park track, a match race at Del Mar against Argentine-bred Ligatorti, and

then headed East again. In the 1½-mile Manhattan Handicap he finished third to Isolator and Regal Lily, giving away 20 pounds, then won the Havre de Grace Handicap on Sept. 28 and ran second in the Laurel Stakes on Oct. 15.

While Seabiscuit was on his version of the Grand Tour, War Admiral had remained idle for three months after winning The Widener at Hialeah Park in March. He captured the Queens County Handicap on June 6 and shipped to Suffolk Downs for the aborted meeting with Seabiscuit in the Massachusetts Handicap. His fourth-place finish there stanned the big bettors, who had come to regard him as virtually a sure thing for show money. War Admiral recouped some of his credibility by winning the one-mile Wilson Stakes at Saratoga by eight lengths over Fighting Fox and erased doubts about his staying power by taking the 1½-mile Saratoga Handicap on July 30, the 1½-mile Whitney Stakes on Aug. 20, the 1½-mile Saratoga Cup on Aug. 27 and finally the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Oct. 1. The flashy 1937 Triple Crown winner never looked readier.

Meanwhile, working behind the scenes, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, then the vice-president of Pimlico, got both sides to agree to a mile-and-7/8ths match race at the track on Nov. 1. A modest purse of \$15,000—added was on the line, winner take all. The agreement stipulated that the track must be fast. Each owner posted a \$5,000 forfeit bond to guarantee the appearance of each horse.

As the date for the race neared, veteran handicappers were taking a singularly optimistic view of War Admiral's chances. Indeed, many of them announced that the event would prove little more than a breezing workout for the Admiral. On the morning of the race two officials walked around the Pimlico layout and pronounced it officially fast. Word went out quickly, and by mid-afternoon 40,000 fans had arrived.

The two contending camps were preoccupied in the days before the race with questions of strategy. Seabiscuit's trainer, Smith, and Jockey George Woolf based their plans on a well-known fact about War Admiral. The fiery son of Man o' War never liked to be headed, and if possible would hold the lead at every post. The tactic allowed his rider to ease him up for a breather at some point during each race—usually midway

continued

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### Biscuit *continues*

in the backstretch—and left him with a strong finishing kick in the stretch. No jockey had ever risked battling the Admiral for the lead. Woolf would try.

There was one factor in Seabiscuit's favor. War Admiral was coming off races at longer distances, while Seabiscuit was moving up from a race at one mile. In the early going, at least, this could prove to be a significant plus.

At post time Seabiscuit was 11 to 5. Some astute bettors, figuring this to be a juicy overlay, wagered heavily on him. War Admiral closed at 1 to 4, but the chalk players still came forward, showing \$4,000 bets through the windows to collect what they considered an almost sure \$1,000 profit.

Since War Admiral did not like starting gates, they were sent away from a walk-up start, getting off evenly on the third try. The pro-Admiral crowd gasped when Seabiscuit broke on top, and the gasp turned to a roar when, with Woolf whipping furiously, he shot to the front and took the rail around the first turn. Jockey Charley Kurtsinger on War Admiral fought to gain the lead but couldn't quite make it. On the backstretch Woolf tantalizingly moved Seabiscuit out from the rail, but Kurtsinger took War Admiral outside instead and gradually brought him even. Over the next quarter the two horses seemed in lockstep, then Seabiscuit moved a head in front. At midstretch the lead increased to half a length, and though Kurtsinger went frantically to the whip, War Admiral had nothing left. The Biscuit, with George Woolf grinning hugely, pulled away to win by four lengths in a new track record of 1:56<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>.

The real story of Seabiscuit's triumph lies in the fractional times. Taking a leaf from War Admiral's book, Woolf had driven the Biscuit to the lead at every quarter post, making them as nearly identical in time as his horse could deliver. How well horse and rider succeeded is reflected in the clockings: 0:23<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> for the first quarter, 0:24 for the second, 0:24<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> for the third and 0:25 for the fourth. The final  $\frac{3}{4}$  timing of 0:19<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> was the slowest of all, but by that time the weary Admiral had faded and Seabiscuit had drawn away.

Woolf summed it all up when he said afterward, "My best ride on the best horse I ever rode." Coming from George Woolf, that meant something.

—NORMAN B. WILSEY

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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

## NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

Johnny Bench was literally back on center stage—in a *This Is Your Life* episode—as Cincinnati marched ever closer to the playoffs. In six games Bench hit three home runs, one a grand slam, and drove in 13 runs, putting him well ahead of the minimum goals of 30 homers and 100 RBIs that he set for himself this year; he has 33 and 110.

Houston got hot briefly, winning three in a row, once after trading 5-0, but then along came two LA pitchers—and two Astro defeats. First, Claude Osteen won his 17th game, 4-2, on a four-hitter. Then Don Sutton pitched his seventh shutout and 16th win in a 10-0 romp. That moved the Dodgers to within three games of the Astros.

The Braves split doubleheaders at the beginning and end of the week and lost everything in between, including the interest of their fans. For the first time since they came to Atlanta in 1966 the Braves will fall under the million mark in attendance. Hank Aaron hit his 29th and 30th home runs in a loss to Cincinnati, giving him a record 14 straight seasons of 30 or more.

Rarely robust, attendance was dipping also in San Francisco. A two-game series with the Dodgers, part of a four-game Giant winning streak, drew only 10,347. The 4,840 who turned out on Sept. 13 were an alltime low for a game against the Dodgers, and that includes spring training.

San Diego took a 9-7 season edge over the lofty Reds when Fred Norman beat them for the fourth time, 1-0. Norman struck out 15 Reds while 13 Padres fanned, setting a major league nine-inning record of 28. Steve Arlin dropped his 10th in a row.

CIN 86-54 HOU 76-82 LA 76-61  
ATL 86-76 SF 62-78 SD 62-86

## NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

Pittsburgh swept three straight from the Cubs in Wrigley Field, and the only race left was for larger salaries. Roberto Clemente, who collected eight hits against Chicago and 10 for the week, moved within 13 of 3,000.

Then the Mets came to Chicago with a five-game winning streak, and suddenly the Cubs could do no wrong. In the first two games of their series Chicago

hit eight homers and scored 27 runs. Milt Pappas won his eighth straight, and 199th of his career, in the first. New York's Tom Seaver was clobbered in the second, an 18-5 slaughter that was the worst defeat ever for the Mets.

St. Louis ended a four-game losing streak when rookie Jorge Roque, an .683 slugger, pinch-hit his first major league home run in the 11th inning to beat Montreal 5-4. That knocked the Expos out of fourth place, where their one-day stay prompted a red-ink headline in the Montreal Gazette: WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT . . . WE'VE GOT A FOURTH-PLACE BALL CLUB. . . . Thereafter Montreal dropped four in a row, St. Louis won four and life resumed its normal course.

Philadelphia's Steve Carlton won his 24th on the same day that Rick Wise, the player he was traded for, got his 15th win for St. Louis. Phillie Manager Paul Owens said Carlton could write his own ticket for 1973. Rookie Catcher Bob Boone whipped off his mask to find a passed ball and jammed his plastic helmet down over his eyes, dislodging both of his contact lenses. No ticket writer he. Don Money handled a league-record 162 errorless chances but at the end of the week was on the bench with an "injury." "It's in my backside from sitting," he grumbled.

PIT 86-50 CHI 77-64 NY 75-85  
ATL 86-76 MONT 66-78 PHIL 65-89

## AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

"We can't lose in the stretch run," said Oakland Pitcher Ken Holtzman. "Any one of our first four pitchers can stop a losing streak." As the A's moved 4½ games ahead of Chicago, Blue Moon Odom shut out the Twins on six hits, Holtzman beat Texas 12-3 for his 17th win of the season, a personal high, and Vida Blue two-hit the feeble Rangers. "I can't call it a great game, not against that ball club," said Blue.

When Dick Allen homered, the White Sox won: when he did not, they did not. His three home runs last week brought him up to 36 for the season and broke the club record of 33 that Bill Melton set last year. Stan Bahnsen pitched two shutouts, but Wilbur Wood twice failed to become the first Chicago pitcher in 51 years to win 25 games.

Minnesota swept a doubleheader from

Oakland when Rich Reese doubled home the winning run in the ninth inning of the first game and walked it home in the eighth of the second. Rumors surfaced that Manager Bob Lemon, who last year led his team to the first over .500 season in Kansas City's 17 major league years, would not be rehired.

California won four of six and should have won the others for Nolan Ryan. Ryan gave up only six hits while striking out 15 against Texas and four hits while whiffing 11 in eight innings against Chicago, but lost 3-0 and 2-0.

The Rangers tried to score to move within three games of the American League record for most shutouts suffered. The week's lone victory came when Bill Gogolewski, a 3-9 pitcher with a 4.46 ERA, one-hit the Angels 3-0.

OAK 83-67 CHI 78-64 MIN 71-66  
KC 87-31 CAL 86-73 TEX 52-86

## AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

While Boston asserted itself and New York faded in the four-team scramble for a playoff spot (page 16) Milwaukee battled Cleveland to avoid the cellar. Both played patsy to the contenders, but down in their own class the Brewers reigned supreme. Or at least were supreme when it rained. In the second game of the doubleheader that opened their four-game series, Milwaukee led the Indians 4-2 after eight innings. Cleveland rallied for three runs in the top of the ninth, but a downpour washed that out.

Milwaukee routinely beat 20-game winner Gaylord Perry the next day and then completed the first four-game sweep in its four-year history in magnificent fashion. Tied 3-3 in the bottom of the 15th, the Brewers sent George Scott home on a suicide squeeze. Joe Accie squared to bunt, but did nothing else. "I froze," he admitted later. So Scott screeched to a halt midway between third and home and, while contemplating yet another inning of baseball (the game took four hours and 34 minutes), watched Catcher Jerry Moses throw the ball into left field. The astonished Scott eased in with the winning run. "Well, it worked," said Brewer Manager Del Crandall. When it rains, it pours.

BOST 78-62 DET 76-64 BALY 76-66  
NY 74-67 CLE 63-76 MIL 58-85



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## RUSSIA VS. CANADA

Sirs:

My congratulations on your coverage of the Soviet Union's fantastic hockey team (*Red Faces in Canada*, Sept. 11). These men are to be admired for their skills. I saw that first game, and it was obvious to everyone I talked to that the Russians were well prepared for the series. And Mark Mulvoy is really something; I still cannot imagine how he got all that information on the Soviet training camp.

SEAN PRENDERGAST

Fairfield, Conn.

Sirs:

The Russian team beat Canada's best. Orr did it? While Canada put a good team on the ice, it wasn't a Hulluva good team.

ROBERT L. CABILL

East Hampton, N.Y.

Sirs:

I did not approach the Canada-Russia hockey series with a favorite. However, the clean play and good sportsmanship of the Russians, compared to the often dirty play of Team Canada, turned me into a Russian fan. The Russians even resisted blatant attempts by Canadian players to intimidate them, such as the choke sign and a good shot on the head by Bill Goldsworthy in the first period of the fourth game. The Russians showed themselves more able than Team Canada to demonstrate the beauty, grace and precision of the game.

PETER A. ZHEUTLIN

Paramus, N.Y.

## FOOTBALL OPENERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your Sept. 11 issue, one of the best I have read in eight years of subscribing.

The articles on Russia's hockey upset of Team Canada, the first week of the Olympics and Bobby Fischer's chess championship were all very informative and the photography, as usual, was great.

But the real clinchers were the college football forecast and the dew-zipped pen of that old sentimental, Dan Jenkins (*A Football Weekend... Is One Long New Year's Eve*). I am convinced no other sports magazine covers college football so well so consistently. For sure, no other sports magazine could have done justice to so many different events in the same issue.

JOHN REKAS

Chicago

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' exquisitely evocative essay on the goings-on in those "strange, hidden

towns" that epitomize the flavor and color of American collegiate football is a masterpiece. I enjoyed it so much that I forgive him format including Hanover, N.H., which I assume was merely an oversight.

GILBERT S. OSBORN

Action, Mass.

## THE TOPS

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on the guts it took to pick LSU as the No. 1 team in the country. Evidently your excellent staff knows where the best college football teams are (in the Southeastern Conference) and which one of these teams is the best. But one question: If Penn State and Arkansas are rated No. 4 and No. 5 and Tennessee, without an offense, beat them both in 1971, how can the 1972 Tennessee team, which does have an offense, be rated No. 13?

DOUG SMITH

Nashville

Sirs:

I was very pleased to see LSU picked No. 1. Although the Bengals have lost Andy Hamilton, Tommy Casanova, Art Cantrell and Ron Eustay, four of LSU's finest, they do indeed have an overflow of talent. A lot will depend on Quarterback Bert Jones and also on how well Brad Davis develops. I just hope they can prove to the nation that LSU rightfully deserves the No. 1 spot.

CALVIN STELLY

Arnoldville, La.

Sirs:

Put LSU against Nebraska, Colorado, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Ohio State, and it would be 0 for 5.

This is not meant to put down LSU, which will certainly field a fine team as evidenced by its Sun Bowl game. It is meant to put you at SI down for a sloppy job of selecting No. 1. Any of the above five teams would qualify, but LSU just isn't of that caliber.

J. OLSEN

Valley, Neb.

Sirs:

What have you guys got against UCLA, anyway? You haven't seen it to even rate the Bruins, while your headlines had Nebraska going for three straight. Wrong again, SI Mark Harmon and Jim McAlister took care of the Cornhuskers in the Coliseum (*Young Harmon Makes His Mark*, Sept. 18). I suggest that your brain trusters find a spot for the Bruins while there is still time to wipe the egg from their faces.

NORMAN M. GLENN

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Larry Keith made my day! I eat, sleep and live University of Delaware football in the fall. When I opened my Sept. 11 issue to the small-college section I was in seventh heaven.

I was also quite pleased to see big Dennis Johnson mentioned, a definite Little All-America candidate. But Delaware's size doesn't stop there, even though Dennis makes the rest look small. Joe Carbone, whom you mentioned, stands 6'3" and tips the scales at 225. At the other defensive end there is Bob Depew, also 6'3" and 230.

Is there any wonder the New Hampshire coach felt as he did? Thanks, Larry Keith, for letting everyone know about the Fightin' Blue Hens.

MIKE INELLY

Baltimore

## BEAR BRYANT

Sirs:

Congratulations to John Underwood for his fine article on the greatest college football coach of all time, Paul Bryant (*New Tricks for an Old Bear*, Sept. 11). The Bear only gets better with age. If you don't believe it, watch what Alabama does again this year.

LARRY C. BLACK

Athens, Ala.

Sirs:

Supercouch Bear Bryant revealed more of his attitude than he probably meant to when he exclaimed, "... but we played a whole lot better, and it was a good thing. I'd have fired every one of them." The message seems clear. Do the job you're paid to do or I'll fire you and buy some bodies who can do the job? Where do sport and education fit into the Bear's beloved university?

CANDIDO MARQUEZ JR.

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

As a former Alabamian and the 34-year-old mother of three boys playing various stages of football from high school down and 1-year-old twin girls, who resemble tight ends already, I commend your article on Bear Bryant. What wisdom this man possesses. He has been an idol of our family, and this story has been the best we could hope for, other than meeting him in the flesh. Count us as seven more believers. The most any mother could hope for is that one day a son might be associated with such a human being.

AUCIA DORR

Oxon Hill, Md.

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

## BY THE BOARDS

Sirs:

In your history and exposé of the scoreboard craze (*An Unbelievable Boom*, Sept. 4), you mentioned the streams of statistical data and sports quizzes viewed by fans at Dodger Stadium. That was 1962. In 1972 fans are treated to such statistics as happy birthday and happy anniversary messages and welcomes to various visiting groups.

Egocentric messages and commercialism are both unfair and repugnant to the sports fan. They degrade the game and the atmosphere. Unfortunately, management does not concur.

MARC GLUCKSMAN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I can't see how David Butwin can use the words "baseball game" to describe our national pastime. "Circus" would be much more appropriate. It doesn't say much for a ball club when its owners have to lure fans to a game by means of a scoreboard. Why can't they spend their money developing their farm systems or getting some good players?

I hope this fad will die out in the near future, but for now I thank the Lord and Tom Yawkey for Fenway Park, where you can still go to see a decent ball game.

DAN BUTTS

Augusta, Maine

Sirs:

Here in Detroit we manage somehow to get along without having a center-field monstrosity telling us when the umpire was wrong, when the Tigers are having a rally, when to cheer and when to boo. And best of all, we're trying for first place, old-fashioned scoreboard and all.

FRANK HELMINSKI

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

## SOUTH CAROLINA STYLE

Sirs:

Thank you for the exceptional article on Darlington and the Southern 500 (*Getting the Good Times Rolling*, Sept. 4). I follow racing in the leading car magazines, but your story digs deeper and conveys more of the excitement of the event and the reactions of the drivers than any other race chronicle I have ever read. There is also a wealth of technical detail often missed by casual writers.

Please, let's have more of this kind of reporting.

DOUGLAS HOLYOKE

Katamah, N.Y.

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